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DER BALL TOSSER.

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BY GUS PHILLIPS.

Barbara Fink vas a nice yunk gal,
  Und she vas pout sweet sixteen,
Und she used ter live in Avenue A,
  Und she vorked mit a sewing machine;
Und her hair vas black, und her eyes vas blue,
  Und her dress was pinky green.

Now Barbara had a nice yunk man,
  His name was Sharley Shmall;
He serfed his dime as a tailor man,
  But he don't could make clothes at all;
Und der ony ding dot he cood do,
  Vas der blay dot game—Base Ball.

He generally used der blay shtop short,
  Or pitcher behind der bat;
Und his salary dot vas pooty goot,
  For he vore a stripe plush hat;
Und his hair vas curly as shavings of wood,
  Und he creased dot hair mit fat.

Now Sharley cood blay dot game right shmart,
  He vas so deli and shlim—
He says, "I only vant a chance"—
  (Dey vas nefer doo hot for him)—
"I can ketch chust like a leedle bird;
  Yea, he chumps on a hickory limb."

Von day Sharley's growd dey blayed a game,
  Und Barby vas on der ground,
Und Sharley vas kwick like a mouse's trap—
  He vas ketching dem all around.
Vonce in a vile he'd took a "fly,"
  Und dwice in a vile a "bound."

Und Barby was dickled as death mit dot,
  For she liked him pooty well,
Und ven he'd knock a daisy scraper,
  She'd gry oud a leddle yell;
Und den he'd make a big hime run,
  Und den he swheat like—eferyding.

Der game vent on dill der very last innings,
  Und it shtood about tie und tie,
Ven some person he hit a red hot one
  For Sharley to took "on der fly;"
But he didn't took it eckseekly right,
  For dot took him in der eye.

Und chust as soon as he got dot dere,
  (I baed you dot make him howl),
Der vampire gif oud his decision,
  Dot his eye vas oud on a "foul;"
Und dree outsiders dot no one don't know,
  Kommenced right away for to growl.

Und der game breaked up in a general row,
  Und botd of it claimed der ball,
Und der vampire skydoodled like der duyvil,
  Mitoud giving some judgment at all;
But der judiciary committee vill settle dot
  Chust as soon as dey meet in der fall.

Poor Sharley vent home mit his sprained eye,
  Und his face all ofer his nose,
Und der mud und blood all ofer vas
  Mit Sharley's head and close;
Und Barbara had to lead him around,
  No matter verefer he goes.

Und after a vile ven Sharley got vell,
  He married his Barbara dear,
Und now he's a licensed wanderer,
  A peddling lager bier;
Und nefer agin will he spiel Base Ball,
  Of he don't git dree dousand a year.

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XIV.

READING A PLAY

Again the spring bloomed over Stanley Hope and the Beeches, and again the day was fixed for the wedding of Gerald and Alice. She had returned from her southern trip blooming and fresh as ever, with her glorious beauty freshened and enhanced by her absence from home. Gerald looked more manly, too; the year that had gone over his head since he had so nearly met his death by the side of poor Tom Jennings had added to his good looks and graceful bearing, and both families agreed that the delay which seemed so untoward had turned out for good. June was fixed upon now for the wedding—rather earlier this year than last. They were to be united in the very height of the season, and crowds of fashionable friends were invited to grace the ceremony. It was March when they returned to England, and they found the family at Fairy Villa comfortable, and to all appearance happy in their secluded home. Eugene was well, but Marie was as surely fading into her grave as the summer was drawing on; she looked as though a very short time would end all her cares on earth, though she still persisted that there was nothing the matter with her. Indeed the doctor, whom Eugene had insisted on her consulting, said the same. There was no actual disease; she was wasting without any apparent cause. She knew the reason, but she covered her wound bravely and hid her sorrow, going about her duties as though she had never discovered what had cost her such a terrible pang—the knowledge that her husband's heart had never been hers. He had but little leisure for observing her; he had become accustomed to the change in her and took but little notice of it. He was engrossed heart and soul in the preparation of a new work, a drama, which he hoped to get accepted at one of the London theatres, and which he fondly thought was to raise him to the pinnacle of fame and make his fortune. Thus occupied, his friends found him, when they returned home, so absorbed in the pet project as to be neglecting his regular employment.

In vain Gerald (to whom he read the work) begged him not to be too sanguine, and Lord St. Aubyn, who knew the world better than either of them, represented to him the difficulties in the path of an unknown dramatist; he was full of sanguine hope and would listen to no caution. His play was to make his fortune and that of his wife and child—the poor wife to whom no fortune could bring back the bygone days of trust in her dearly loved husband. Finding that nothing would turn him from his purpose, they promised to aid him all they could and apply to such managers as they knew to have his play produced. They had been so far successful that Mr. Chirper, manager of the Theatre Royal, Dredlington street, had promised to grant a hearing at least to the new author, and for that purpose was to visit the Beeches and there pronounce his verdict. Mr. Venables was not sanguine—indeed he had been somewhat severe upon Eugene for turning aside from the beaten path in which he had hitherto walked, and soaring into the unknown regions of plays and romances. He had not much taste for theatricals and thought the new work a terrible prostitution of talent. But Alice had her way in the matter; she thought Eugene a genius and was determined to make the occasion a kind of *fete*. She had not heard much of the play—only now and then had she been admitted to the author's study; he had shown a constraint and March a coldness towards her for which she was at a loss to account, and much as she longed to hear the story which the drama told, she had to restrain her impatience till his own time came. A select party were present at the reading of the play; Lord and Lady St. Aubyn, her father and Gerald, Marie Dubois and herself, Sir Marcus Llanwarm and Mr. Chirper were the most interested. The other guests had no particular reason either to approve or condemn what they heard.

Marie had with great difficulty been persuaded to come—she seemed to have no interest in her husband's success or to care whether the play pleased or not; but the plea that she put forth was the one of not being accustomed to society; she should feel out of place she said.

"But not with us, surely," Alice pleaded. "You [illegible]"

"You are always kind," she replied, gravely; "but, indeed, I should feel awkward among your guests; besides, I am not used to evening dress, and nothing that I have would do."

"Everything would do, dear Marie. It is only that you feel ill and languid; dress just as you like, and I will wear a demi-toilette to keep you company. Only do come for Eugene's sake; he will want his wife to share his triumph, for a triumph it will be I am sure."

"If I could only think that," said poor Marie to herself, as Alice left her, "I would go if it were twenty miles instead of one: but, alas! what his wife thinks and feels matters nothing to him now."

She went with her husband in spite of her objections, looking every inch a lady in her neat black dress, though its sombre hue only threw into stronger relief the marble whiteness of her face, which was without a tinge of color. Many of the company inquired who that distinguished looking young person was, who sat so quietly by Miss Venables, and were not a little surprised to learn that she was only the author's wife. The reading was listened to with profound attention, Mr. Chirper inclining his head now and then with the air of a *connoisseur*, and with an air of extreme patronage withal, as though he fain would impress the author with a sense of his great condescension in giving up enough of his valuable time to hear him read his work. There were only two present who listened with real heartfelt interest and attention to the really beautiful poetry and sentiment it had taken poor Eugene so many weary months to fashion to his likings, and these were Alice and Marcus Llanwarm. Lord and Lady St. Aubyn both felt in their hearts that he had been wasting his time upon what would bring him but little profit, and Gerald shared the feeling to some extent. He was angry with his old friend for giving up, as it seemed to him he had done, his chances for getting on for the sake of a chimera, a bubble.

Mr. Venables was strictly neutral, expressing neither assent nor dissent, simply agreeing for the reading to take place in his house, and receiving Eugene and Marie with the courtesy that came so kindly and spontaneously from him at all times. But Alice and Sir Marcus listened with delight to the real feeling and genuine poetry, and when the author concluded—

> So fade all wordly schemes—ambition dies
> And human passions melt to empty air;
> One only stays behind—one only thrives
> In earthly soil; Love lives and is immortal!—

there were tears in her eyes and deep feeling in his. The rest applauded loudly, and the manager was profuse in his expressions of admiration.

"The drama was beautiful," he said, "very beautiful, a leetle too long, perhaps, and with a few faults common to new writers," with a great deal more that, to any one but Eugene, would have rung the death-knell of his play at once; but he pressed the question on Mr. Chirper so closely that that gentleman was obliged to give a direct answer, and tell him plainly that the play would not do for public representation.

Marie did not hear this decision; but Alice, Gerald and Sir Marcus did, and they saw also the heart broken look upon the author's face as he sat down in the background to hide his disappointment as best he might. Most of the guests had left the library, Marie among them. Lady St. Aubyn had taken her away, reading disappointment in the faces of all those who were met to judge, and these four were left alone.

"Oh, Gerald! you were all so hard—so hard!" Alice said, in a low tone. "Could none of you say a kind word for him? I'm sure the play is beautiful—such true poetry."

"Yes, plenty of poetry, but no sensation," Sir Marcus returned. "All that managers want now-a-days is a vehicle for introducing fine scenery and pretty faces. It is just because our friend is a true poet that his works are beyond the comprehension of such men as Mr. Chirper, who has no soul beyond canvas and paint-pots, tinsel and silk tights."

"But you will do what you can, you and Gerald," she pleaded; "for my sake. I shall be so sorry to see Eugene fail—it will break my heart."

"For your sake we will do anything. I speak for both of us," he replied, touching her hand with his lips. "Come along, Gerald, you and I can get this settled if we try. Why, man, you look quite cross about it—are you angry with Alice, or Eugene, yonder, or your humble servant, or have we offended you collectively?"

"I'm not angry, but I think it is utter nonsense; why cannot he keep to his work steadily and not fly off into romance like this? You know the play will be a failure; and Alice too. Why her behavior is perfectly childish."

Alice looked up at him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" she asked—she had never seen him so irritable before. "I did not mean to offend you, Gerald."

"Oh, I am not offended—it's nothing—it will only be cruel kindness to get the manuscript accepted; you will see that when it is too late."

They left the room together, and she looked after them with tears in her eyes.

"What can I have done," she asked herself, "that he spoke to me like that?"

Eugene, seeing her alone, came forward:—

"I thank you very much, Miss Venables," he said, "for your kind and brave intercession, but it is useless; I read my fate in the manager's face long ago. You have only pained yourself by your interference; my play is doomed."

"It is not doomed," she said, with sparkling eyes. "It will live when you and I are dead—will survive a whole posse of managers, and be quoted from and read when all the sensation dramas of the present day are forgotten. It shall succeed, it will, it must."

"Better make him a laurel wreath and crown him with it, my fair young prophetess," said a laughing voice in the doorway, and, turning round, they saw Sir Marcus and Gerald in the doorway.

"Since we are all in a romantic vein to-night, perhaps it would be better," said the latter, in a tone which, though lively, did not sound hearty, "victors were always so crowned of old, and you are a victor, Eugene. The play's accepted, my boy; old Chirper has relented."

"He has, indeed, and herewith take my congratulations," said Sir Marcus, extending his hand kindly. "Let us, your friends, be the first to speak them."

Gerald's words were few, and, Alice fancied, cold. He would hardly let Eugene thank him for what he had done, and his handsome face was clouded as he shook hands with the author.

"Now, we'll go and find Mrs. Dubois," Sir Marcus suggested, "and tell her the great news, and then we'll all drink to the health of the new author and success to the new play."

He drew Gerald away, leaving Alice standing by the window, with Eugene at a little distance.

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad!" she exclaimed, with fervor. "What a success it will be; how I long for the first night of it to come! but you look *distrait* and sad. Are you not satisfied?"

"More than satisfied, but I dread the future still."

"How they will all congratulate you and your wife——"

"Don't speak of her. In all this gay throng I care only for one voice—one smile of approval. My success is nothing to Marie, nothing!"

"Oh, yes, it is—everything. But who is this mighty critic whose smiles you court, whose frowns you fear?"

"You, Alice—yourself! Your smile, your voice, are heaven to me—have been since the day we walked children together in yonder wood. Do you remember it? I do. It has been one of my pleasant dreams through all the weary years I have been away from home and you."

"Eugene, are you mad?"

"No, I have been mad, blind, foolish; but I have come to my senses now. Alice, while there are none to hear us, let me tell you of my wild, despairing love."

He seized her hand before she could withdraw it, and pressed kiss upon kiss upon her taper fingers, just as the curtains that veiled the doorway parted to admit Marie to the room.

CHAPTER XV.

FAILURE.

Marie's pale face disappeared from behind the curtains as quickly as it had parted them, and she leaned against the wall in an agony of grief.

"I wanted proof," she murmured, covering her eyes with her hands. "Oh, I have had it now—would that I could die!"

Neither of the occupants of the room had seen her. The passion which prompted the caress died out of Eugene's breast at the sight of Alice's terrified face.

"Oh, forgive me—say you forgive me," he pleaded. "I did not mean to wrong or frighten you, but the truth—for truth it is—which I have hidden in my breast so long flashed out without my intending it. Say you will pardon me. I will never so offend again."

"I don't think you will," she replied, quietly, drawing a little away, while the tears started to her eyes. "I am not angry, Eugene, but so sorry, oh, so sorry."

Her tears were falling now, and he was bitterly reproaching himself for his folly.

"What can I say to you? What can I do?" he asked. "I was mad to speak as I did, but I——"

"I think you were," she returned. "You have grieved me. I thought you loved us all—Gerald and me too—but as a dear brother might. You should not have marred your happiness like this—you should not have spoken so. I know very well you did not mean it—that you only did it under the happy excitement of the good news."

"Yes, yes; that's it," he said hurriedly. "It was all the excitement and the good fortune. I forgot myself, Alice—Miss Venables, I mean; and I trust you will think no more about it."

"Indeed, I won't," was her trembling reply, as Sir Marcus Llanwarm, Gerald, and some of the gentlemen came into the room.

"What! our fair enthusiast still closeted with the lucky author!" exclaimed the lively baronet. "And tears, as I live! Why, Dubois, what dismal story have you been evoking out of your repository of romance to bring such witnesses to her eyes? Gerald, why don't you insist on being told?"

"I don't think I should feel interested," was the short reply. "Romance is not in my line."

"I don't think you would," Eugene returned. "It was a sad story, and I chose an inopportune time to tell it. But Miss Venables has forgiven me. Have you seen my wife, gentlemen? I have not told her the good news yet."

"She knows it, my dear fellow. Do you think she would be left in ignorance till now? She is with Lady St. Aubyn, not very well. In fact, she has had a kind of fainting fit; the heat of the rooms, I suspect."

"My poor Marie—she is very weak, and a little upsets her. I will go and look for her."

With a slight bow he left the room, leaving Alice still standing by the window with a very grave face. Gerald marked this, and it seemed to annoy him.

"I wish Dubois had kept his play to himself," he said, testily. "It has put us all out of sorts. Here's my mother with her pretty eyes all red with crying, fussing over Marie, who is found fainting in a cold passage; and now here's Alice making a perfect fright of herself over a lot of stupid, romantic poetry. Bah! I hate poetry."

"And everything else this moment, I do believe," Sir Marcus said laughing. "Why, Gerald, what does ail you—you look a perfect misanthrope."

"I'm wearied to death of all this sentimental nonsense, Llanwarm. Look at Alice there; she's in a perfect frenzy of melancholy excitement. I believe she is capable [illegible] wreath of laurel leaves and earwigs, or any other vegetable monstrosity, in imitation of the fools of ancient Greece."

"A capital idea, upon my word! Suppose we do it in full conclave before he leaves the house. What say you, Miss Venables—an evergreen wreath, a bumper of wine, and a parting song—shall we celebrate the evening in the true dramatic style?"

"Yes," she replied, entering into the lively spirit of the baronet; rather piqued, too, at Gerald's contemptuous tone. "He shall have a laurel wreath, and Duncan shall get it for me."

"Don't drag me into it, pray," said Gerald. "You are a couple of babies, and like babies must have your own way. Shall I send you the gardener?"

"Oh, yes; send Duncan, by all means. He shall have the honor of gathering the laurels; we shall present them."

"What is the matter with him?" asked Alice, as he left the room. "He seems quite bitter against poor Eugene and his play."

"His practical mind cannot appreciate the utility of plays, my dear Miss Venables, that is all. He will get over it all in an hour or two. He thinks that you and I should join him in thinking that a seat at a clerk's desk would be fitter for Dubois than the back of a Pegasus."

"Eugene a clerk! Oh, Sir Marcus!"

"Better and wiser men than he have been clerks, Miss Venables; but here comes our worthy gardener."

"Was ye wanting me, Miss Alice," he asked, entering the room shyly. "Maister Gerald sent me in."

"Yes, Duncan, we want you to do something for us."

"And I'll dee it whatever it is, ye ken that fine, Miss Alice."

"Then I want you to go and gather me some laurel leaves, enough to make me a crown. We are going to give Mr. Dubois one; the laurel means immortality you know."

"And you think he'll be immortal, do you, my bairn? He may leave a lot of rubbishing poetry behind him, but ne'er a steady name for work; he's nae mair notion o' the ways o' the world than a baby—he'll gie siller to beggars and food to tramps, and ne'er think o' the cost."

"Never mind his shortcomings, get us the laurel, Duncan."

"Hadna ye better gie him a haill tree?" asked the old gardener, "instead o' a wreath; it'll answer for firewood some day, when he's gi'en awa'a' his substance and exhausted his brains, as he surely will before he dies."

Duncan was privileged to say what he chose, and Sir Marcus laughed.

"Not a bad idea, my most matter of fact friend; he shall have a laurel tree, and plant it in his garden."

"And you'll get us one now—this very minute?" Alice added.

"I'm thinking what your father will say to it, Missy."

"Oh, he'll let me do as I like. It's only fun you know."

"I'm no so sure of that," was the old man's muttered observation, as he left the room to fulfill her behest. "What is sport to some is death to others. I'm no blind. Duncan M'Shee can see as weel as the maist o' folk."

An hour later no small merriment was caused in the party by the advent of the old gardener and a footman with a thriving young laurel bush in a garden vase. Duncan was very comic in his introduction of the treasure.

"Is there one Mr. Dubois here?" he asked. "I was bidden bring him this bush from ane wha says he's to live for ever. I dinna ken whether that means till he dies or what."

"There couldn't be a better introduction to such a gift, Duncan," said Sir Marcus, while they all laughed and applauded, and Eugene looked puzzled. "Have a glass of wine and drink his health, and immortality to his works, not him."

"Here's yer vera guid health, sir," said Duncan, taking the glass, "and may ye—no, yer books I mean—live for ever; and as to the wee bush there, it'll be a big tree in time if ye tak' care o't. Dinna let the guid wife hang the claes on't, nor the bairns pu' the leaves, or it'll dee. Ance mair, here's lang life to you and it, and thank ye gentlemen a'."

He tossed off his glass with much relish, and bowed himself out, leaving a very merry company behind him.

"Duncan was only a dispenser of some one else's favors," Gerald said to the author. "This redoubtable laurel tree comes from Alice and Sir Marcus, and it is to be planted in memory of this, I trust, auspicious day in your fortunes. Now then, gentlemen, full glasses to the health of Mr. Dubois; success to his tragedy—and a song."

"We must have the ladies to give their wishes too," said Mr. Venables; "they are as much interested as ourselves."

They were summoned, and came to join in the general congratulations; and no aspiration for success was more fervent than Alice's as she touched the sparkling wine with lips which she could scarcely keep from quivering with emotion. Eugene's wild words to her had made her tremble for his happiness. Not that she thought for a moment that there was aught in them beyond a momentary excitement; but they showed her the instability of his character, and it needed no human skill to tell that he would soon be alone in the world—that poor Marie's place would be vacant.

"A song, a song," was loudly demanded.

"From whom?" Lady St. Aubyn asked.

"Oh, from Eugene," her son replied. "None of us can sing like him."

"One of your own songs, Dubois," said Lord St. [illegible] "Do compose to the hour."

Eugene paused a moment as if to consider, and then sang:—

> Oh call it not a desert,
> This pleasant world below,
> Say not the flower of sympathy
> For misery here doth blow.
> Affliction may have tried thee,
> Thy lot be hard to bear;
> Yet speak not so untruly,
> There are kind hearts everywhere.
>
> Battle proudly with misfortune,
> Nor heed how long the fight;
> Assistance, when least looked for,
> Oft comes to aid the right.
> Hope on, hope aye; though spirit crushed,
> Nor yield thee to despair:
> Through blackest clouds the sunlight peeps—
> Kind hearts are everywhere.

There was a pleasing, ringing melody wedded to the words, and no more appropriate tribute to the kindness of his friends could have been chosen by the singer. Applause and thanks resounded on all sides; but the tears that stood in one pair of gentle eyes were worth all to Eugene. Weak, wicked as it was, all the love for Alice Venables was returning with double intensity, and he turned from the pale wife at his side to the radiant beauty who was soon to be the bride of his friend. It was a happy evening and one long to be remembered, and the new dramatist went home with his heart once more filled with the wild, ambitious longings for fame which had been the drawback to his success before. It is hard after anticipations of victory to have to chronicle a defeat, but so it came to pass. The tragedy of which Eugene had been so proud turned out a complete failure; notwithstanding its beautiful language and its true poetry, it was not calculated to please as a play and it fell flat—nay, more, it was unmistakably and unanimously hissed. It was only what every one who had read it expected, but to Eugene it came like ruin; he had so concentrated his energies and wasted his mental strength upon it that its non-success completely prostrated him.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BUNDLE OF RECEIPTS.

The failure of the tragedy on which Eugene had so expended his energies and wasted his mental strength proved only the beginning of a rapid downward course, which ended in utter ruin and prostration. His nature was one of those which cannot meet adversity with the hopeful front of self-reliance and inward strength, but quailed and sank under the rod of adversity and the stinging lash of merciless criticism. Between him and his benefactors there grew up a coldness which they could not account for, and he would not explain, though, as is often the case, five minutes' conversation would have set matters to rights. Gerald had some slight connection with one of the leading daily papers, arising out of an important service once rendered by him to the proprietors, and in this paper there appeared the severest and most bitter critique of the play which was published. Some trivial circumstances occurred to make the author imagine that it was the man he called his friend who had done him this evil turn, and the first time they met he attacked him on the subject. He was rash and hot-tempered—and Gerald retorted as hastily—denying the authorship of the article, of which in truth he knew nothing; but still the impression remained. Eugene could not be brought to believe that he was ignorant, at any rate, of its insertion, and from that time their friendship cooled; Fairy Villa and its inhabitants were left unvisited by the families at Stanley Hope and the Beeches, and their names were rarely mentioned in the happy family circles of their benefactors. Not that Marie and her boy were forgotten—far from it. Many a kind present and message still found their way to them, but all actual intercourse ceased; Eugene had, by his folly, worn out the patience of his truest and most enduring friends. They thought of him more in sorrow than in anger—as men think of a fine, sensitive nature warped and blinded by circumstances, and spoke kindly of him, even in his wilful wrong-headedness.

Marie was dying, and poverty deepened around them; of those two facts there was no doubt. The little income secured to his wife and child he had managed to anticipate, though he could not touch the principal, and the household was sorely straitened. The wedding day of Gerald and Alice drew near, and the bride-elect paid a farewell visit to her old friends. She saw only Eugene. He opposed her going up stairs to Marie with a quiet persistence which pained and puzzled her, and she could not persevere. His manner was hard and cold, and the constrained way in which he spoke to her made any attempt at thorough friendly conversation utterly useless. She left him feeling sad and depressed, and her farewell to Marie and the boy could only take the form of a kind message after all. Both bride and bridegroom felt the absence of their old friend and his wife at their wedding. The happy dream of their childhood was dispelled now, and they could do nothing but let Eugene go his willful way alone. And a willful way it was—totally neglecting business and employment, which might have brought him enough for his daily needs. He gave himself up to wild scheming and visionary scribbling, while his wife drooped and faded, and his household went to ruin. His child was neglected and half fed by the ill-paid servant, and the once trim and elegant little villa took a sad air of forlorn desolation. One friend only remained steadfast to the unhappy author, and always defended him to the utmost of his ability, and this was Sir Marcus Llanwarm. He maintained throughout that Eugene would one day be known and acknowledged among the great authors of the day, and strove to make excuses for his idle and aimless life, declaring it was the eccentricity of a genius which would not be curbed, and that he would presently show the world that he was fit for other things than dreaming away a discontented life in a country house.

But Sir Marcus was abroad now, traveling, no one knew exactly where, and [illegible] return. He had no idea of the labyrinth of debt and difficulty the author had plunged himself into, and immediately after the wedding of Gerald and Alice he left England for a tour wherever his fancy might lead him. Only one who remained in England cared what became of the man, who was only, in the eyes of his neighbors, a disappointed scribbler, and that was Duncan M'Shee. On the famous night of the reading of the play and the half serious, half joking presentation of the laurel tree, he had heard a part of the reading through the open window, and had been not a little struck by the passages which reached his ear. Plain, untutored man though he was, he had a heart for true poetry, and he drank in with delight the beautiful ideas, clothed as they were in words more lovely still. He had watched how matters went since that night with the master of Fairy Villa, and was sincerely sorry to be a witness of the rapidly downward career of the really brilliant man. He had fulfilled Alice's parting directions to let Marie want for nothing that came within his province, to the very letter. Fresh vegetables, flowers and fruit were daily presented, or rather offered at the villa; for sometimes, when his darker moods were upon him, Eugene would refuse them with bitter petulance, and send the old man away with a sad face and a pained heart. He seldom saw Marie now—she was confined to her room, he heard, and whispers were rife in the neighborhood that she lacked all the comforts that an invalid should have. He formed a plan in his own mind, over which he thought long and earnestly, and at length exclaimed one night, much to his wife's discomfiture and alarm—"I'll dae it! my mind's made up."

"Dae what?" she asked. "Are ye gane daft, Duncan, that ye skirl out i' the dead o' nicht i' that fashion? Haud yer wisht and gang to sleep, and let me gang too; it's near daybreak."

So Duncan held his peace till morning, and then took his wife into his confidence. She demurred at first to the scheme, but came round in the end.

"We've neither chick nor child," she said; "and we'll hae enough to put us into our graves when a's done. Do it, Duncan, and the blessing o' heaven 'll gae wi' it, for it's for the sake o' the sick and helpless that ye gie it."

Duncan sallied forth, with importance in his face and something more substantial in his pocket, and set about visiting the various tradespeople of the village, to all of whom he knew Eugene was in debt. The first was the butcher, a rough, out-spoken man, whose bill was heavy, and who made no secret of it.

"Good day, Mr. Reid," he said, civilly.

"Good day, Mr. M'Shee. Any word of the gentry coming back?"

"Not yet."

"Ah, I'm sorry. It's hard work for a poor fellow to get along with both houses empty and people remaining in debt on all sides. There's that author fellow that my lord took up and made a gentleman of, £10 10s. he owes me, and I shall never see a farthing of it."

"I'm nae so sure o' that, Mr. Reid; I come frae Mr. Dubois the noo."

"But not to pay his bill? That would be too good a joke."

"Indeed I hae. Just mak' oot a receipt, wull ye, and gie it me; and here's the money."

"And has he come into a fortune?" the man asked in amazement as he presented the desired document, "or has he made a better play, and got it accepted and paid for?"

"I dinna ken; it's nae business o' mine. I'm only here to pay your bill; I didna spier where he got the money frae."

And so from one shop to another, till quite a little bundle of receipts lay in his pocket when he turned back to Fairy Villa.

"She shall hae peace, puir young thing," he said to himself; "she shall nae be worried, if it's only for Miss Alice's sake—God bless her."

At the gate he met the slatternly, dirty servant, the only domestic left now to the impoverished family, and had a few words with her; they were not many—but she went in-doors with the sullenness vanished from her black face, and waited on her mistress, as poor Marie had not been attended to for many a day. It was Mrs. Dubois that Duncan asked for when he reached the house, but he was told he could not see her, and was shown into the parlor, where Eugene presently joines him.

"My wife is not up," he said somewhat stiffly. "Can you not leave your message with me?"

"It wasna just a message—that is, I wad like to hae seen herself," replied Duncan, stammering in as much perplexity as though he had to confess to a great crime. "But sin' I canna, I maun just say my say till ye. Wad ye mind sitting down a wee, sir, that I may feel that I'm nae just a stranger while I talk till ye?"

"I don't wish to make you feel a stranger, Mr. M'Shee."

"Duncan, sir; ca' me Duncan, if you please, I'm mair used till it."

"Well, Duncan, then. And now, what have you to say to me?"

"I want to ca' to yer mind, sir, if I may mak' sae bold, the night o' the party up yonder—the night when I brought yon bonny bush till ye for a sign o' yer immortality. The warld's changed a bit wi' a' o' us sin' that night."

"Changed!" exclaimed Eugene half to himself—"aye, indeed. Sunshine, friends, fortune, all gone—even the very laurel tree round which we sang such a hopeful song is fading in the sickly atmosphere of my useless presence."

"Na, na, that's wi' the heat," said Duncan, in his matter of fact fashion. "But it's about that I came to speak till you. Ye'd nae get muckle frae the playbooks for your tragedy, I reckon?"

"Get! Why it failed most miserably."

"Aye, aye, I ken; but that was mair for want o' hearts to understand it than want o' beauty in the play. I was there."

"You?"

"Ay, me and the mistress. Did ye no hear us applauding? We thumpit wi' the family umbrella till we knockit the brass ferrule clean aff, and we clappit till our very hands were sair."

"I only heard the hissing, have heard it ever since. But, my good friend, we are only wasting time. I scarcely think you can have come here to-day only to recall such unpleasant memories to my mind."

"No that exactly; but what I have to say was put into my head by your play. Eh, Mr. Dubois, it's a fine play, and there'll come a time when you and I are low i' the kirkyard maybe, when folk'll read it and feel it, and say in their hearts, 'A great man wrote that.' I see ye dinna understand me; but I'm coming to it, I'm coming to it."

He took out the bundle of receipts and laid them on the table, with his hand on them, before he went on. Eugene looked at him with a puzzled face. He could not make out his motive, but there was something in the Scotchman's manner which prevented him treating him with the same abruptness which he had got into the habit lately of displaying to every one.

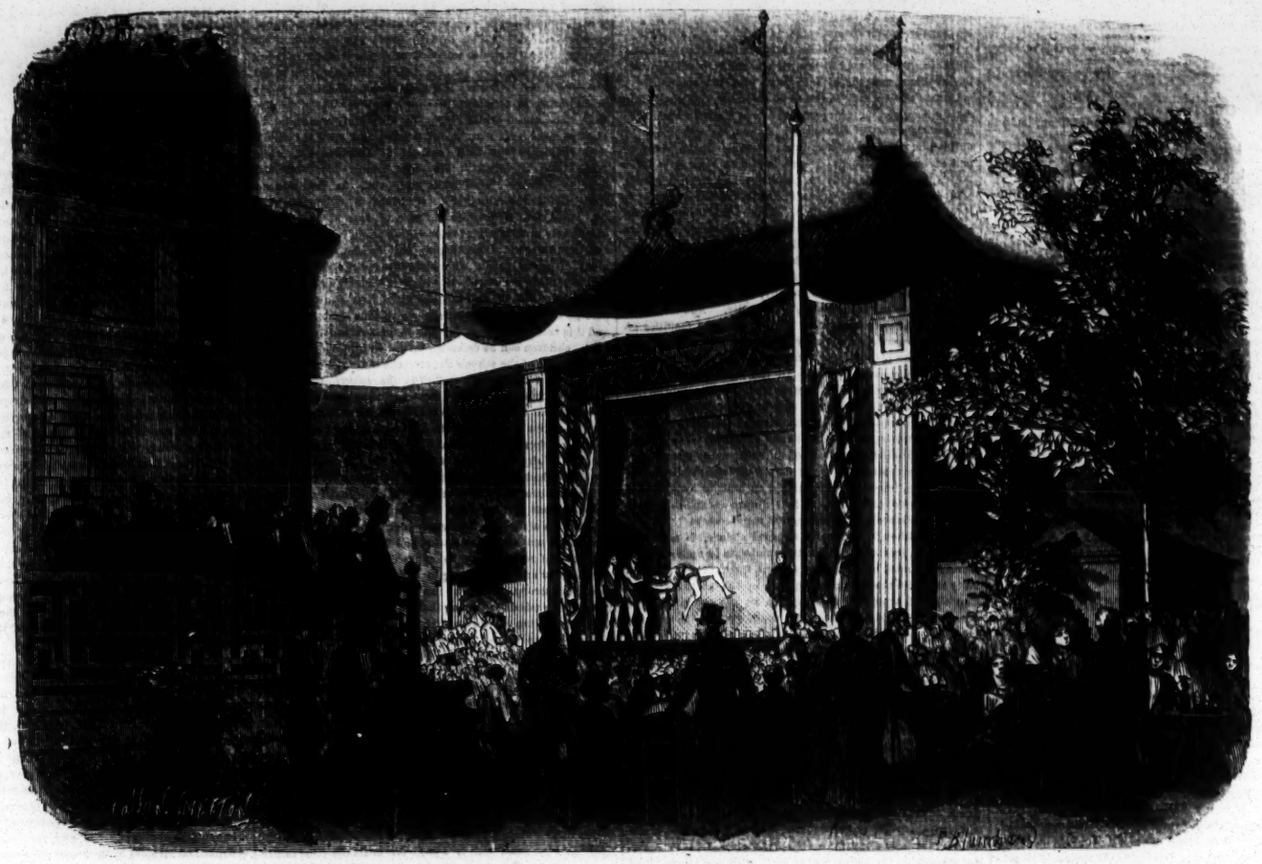
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHINESE THEATRE.

Our illustration this week represents a performance at the Chinese Theatre at the Paris Exposition. And this leads us to notice the partiality which the Chinese entertain for all kinds of amusements. Among these amusements that of theatrical representations occupies an important place. The theatre in China, however, is a very different sort of thing from similar establishments in Europe or the United States. The actors occupy a mean place in public estimation; they are not recognized by law; no female is allowed to perform; no free female is allowed to marry an actor; most of the performers are slaves of the manager; and to educate a free child for the stage is punishable with a hundred stripes. Notwithstanding these restrictions, the actors are a numerous class and their performances are exceedingly popular. They have no regular theatres, but are invited to private houses and occasionally exhibit on a rough stage in the open street. The government contributes largely towards dramatic entertainments, and permission is readily given for the erection of a stage in the street, the players being remunerated by a subscription amongst those who have enjoyed the entertainment. Theatres are built as if by magic. Two hours suffice to prepare a very complete stage of light bamboo grotesquely decorated; a platform of board is elevated seven or eight feet above the ground, on posts; three sides are hung round with cotton cloth and the front left open to the audience. A company of actors usually consists of ten or twelve persons, under the direction of a manager, and wander like strolling players everywhere, from town to town, doing their best to gratify their patrons. Scenery is not employed. An actor advances to the front of the stage and informs the audience that the place is supposed to be a palace, a prison, a city, or a wilderness, leaving the rest to the imagination of the spectators. Every actor, also, on entering, gives his name, the character he is supposed to personify and his intentions with regard to the plot. The performance consists of *sing-songs*. The performer in the most critical and trying moments makes no attempt to express his sorrows in corresponding language, as all their tragedies are rendered remarkable by the absence of impassioned dialogue.

The hero strangles himself or stabs his enemy with undisturbed tranquility, and employs actions alone to signify the depth of his feelings. Conservative in this as in everything else, the Chinese adopt certain peculiar motions of the body, movements of the hands, &c., to express their theatrical grief or joy, and these actions are never seen anywhere else; their tones, also, when language is employed, are thoroughly "stagey."

The dramatic literature of China is singularly deficient in all essential requisites of this ancient and popular department of letters. Very few of the pieces produced in China have been translated, and to the best of these compositions but little praise can be awarded. They consist of tragedies, comedies and farces, but contain nothing valuable, excepting as far as they throw light on the character and social life of the most populous country on the globe.



THE CHINESE THEATRE.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription to the New York Clipper.	
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To Wholesale Dealers....4¼ "	" for 6 months.. 2 50
To Retail Agents.....7 "	" for 3 months.. 1 25

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 800 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

Advertisements must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

Pedestrian.—1. Jack Howard, of Bradford, Eng., jumped 20 ft. 7 in. at Chester Race Course, May 12, 1854, for a wager of £300. It was a running jump from a piece of board slightly beveled, but not a spring board. On the same day he offered to take £200 to £100 that he cleared 30 feet at one jump; he also offered to take like odds on his clearing 12 horses from a stone. 2. Howard was a very fast runner at short distances and appeared once in the P. R. with another pedestrian named Rush. He still lives and is much respected. 3. George Seward made his unequalled time of 9¼ seconds in a one hundred yards race with William Robinson, of Newton Moor, Sept. 30, 1844, on the Hammersmith New Road, Eng. Up to that time Robinson was without a compeer. They went off by a three yards scratch start, neither having any advantage, and Seward won by a scant yard. Seward first appeared as "Sherrin, the Cuckfield Potter," afterwards as "Johnny Broome's Waiter" and then was styled "the American Wonder"—a title he certainly deserved. He has long been located in England, where he has many friends 4. Harry Reed defeated George Seward by 15 yards in a quarter of a mile race for £100 a side at Hardington Corner, London, Eng., June 25, 1849, making the fastest time on record, viz.: 48¼ seconds. Reed is now engaged as reporter on the London *Sporting Times*.

Butcher Boy.—1. Dooney Harris is a married man, and resides in Sullivan street, this city. 2. Jim Collins is of Irish extraction, though born in London, Eng., and has fought seven times within the ropes, beating Picket, Jesse Hatton's Spider, Cronin and Bent, tighting a draw with Dackam, and being beaten by Jerry Hawkes and Bob Fuzz. He is now living in this city. 3. No. 4. It is vacant, providing Abe has really "slid," as seems to be the case. 5. He has a class, but we believe he does not give much attention to it now. 6. Yes; you can procure it by ordering through Wilmer & Rogers, 47 Nassau street, this city.

One of the Boys of Brooklyn.—"In a game of euchre, A and B against C and D, A deals and goes alone. D goes alone against him, and makes five tricks, and claims four points; A says that he is only entitled to two; a bet was made, and the decision left to you."..... If A made the trump, or took it up, and declared to go alone, then D had no right to go alone against him; and his five tricks only count him two points, for the euchre

Subscriber, Chicago.—1. The change of edge movement is correct as you describe it. 2. To do it double is simply to perform the same movement on the other foot. 3. No. 23 of the programme is a one-foot spin done on the edge of the skate, having an oblong loop or loops marked upon the ice. 4. No. 24 is a movement on one foot, in which the skater changes from one edge of the skate to the other without touching the other skate to the ice.

J. H. D., New Brunswick.—1. One hundred lines (one third of a column) will cost you $15 for each week. 2. They get $125 per week. 3. Fifteen to twenty dollars each. 4. First you must take out a U. S. license, and then you have to pay a city or town license for each place visited. In some States you will also have to pay a county license. 5. Billy is a good card, and his present salary is $75 per week.

Puzzler.—"At cribbage, A plays a five, B a four, A a four, B a tray, A a deuce, B a deuce, A a tray and B a nine. How many points is each player entitled to?".....A was entitled to two for a pair, three for a sequence and one for a "go," as B's nine didn't come in. B was entitled to two for a pair and one for last card, if his nine was his last card.

F. L. K., Marengo, Ia.—1. No horse ever ran a mile in one minute. 2. Flying Dutchman's time, when he won the Derby in 1849, was 3 min.; St. Leger, 3 min. 20 sec.; Voltigeur's time in the Derby, 2 min. 50 sec.; in the St. Leger, 3 min. 21 sec., in the dead heat with Russboro, and 3 min. 24 sec. in the deciding heat.

A Washington Gymnast.—1. When Russell won the medal emblematic of the championship, the contest lay between him and Tim Dermody, six competing. 2. They cannot be so considered; Harry's specialty is weight. 3. That must be mutually agreed upon beforehand; generally by grace.

Advance Agent, Boston.—The fact of your having traveled as a salesman for a large house is not sufficient to make you an agent for a show company. There are too many experienced agents idle for you to entertain any hope of obtaining such a position.

Enquirer.—Dandy wins. Collectors of Internal Revenue are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. It is usual, however, for the Secretary of the Treasury to nominate to the President, and he to the Senate. The Commissioner at Washington has nothing to do with the nomination.

B. C. L., Chicago.—1. The finding of a card under the chair of one of the players is no proof that he placed it there. If you can prove this, you have your remedy by refusing to play with him again. 2. In a player only holds four cards, it is a foul hand, and he cannot win, even if they are aces.

Checkmate.—1. It is quite lawful to take all your opponent's pieces, except the King, if you can, at chess. The King can only be checked, no taken. 2. It is proper to castle after having been checked, providing neither King nor Rook has been moved, or the King does not come athwart a check in so doing.

Gridiron, Baltimore.—1. They receive a portion of the gross receipts after the nightly expenses are deducted. 2. Alice was born in 1850 and Emeline in 1852. 3. They are playing under no fixed managers, being stars. They have never been in California.

Miss B., Chicago.—The performances of "Julius Cæsar" at the Winter Garden in this city, for the benefit of the Shakespeare Statue Fund, took place Friday evening, Nov. 26th, 1864. Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., played Cassius; Edwin Booth, Brutus, and John Wilkes Booth, Marc Antony.

G. McL.—"At cribbage, A plays a Jack, B a Queen, A an eight, a 'go' for B, then A a deuce; then B plays a seven, A a five, B a six and then an eight. How many points is B entitled to for his play after the 'go'?.....Eight points; three for the first sequence, four for the second, and one for last card.

J. R. L., Ontonagon, Mich.—"At cribbage, A plays a deuce, B a king, C a tray—fifteen-two." A then plays a seven, B a four, C declines, A a five and claims five holes, two for thirty-one and three for sequence. Is he right?".....No. How can 7, 4, 5 be a sequence? Where's the six?

M. C. D.—"A and B are playing pin pool. B bursts and draws a ball. A offers to bet he will pool. Now can B draw his last amount which he paid for his last ball if A should pool before B has a shot on his burst?".....Yes.

E. M. P., Salem, N. Y.—The greatest standing jump on record, level, is 12 feet 8¼ inches, by Bob Way, at Chicago, Ill., July 11, 1867. Baker cleared 12 ft. 6 in.; Chippo, 12 ft. 3 in.; and Hanna, 12 ft. 4 in.. at the same time.

A. M. A., Chicago.— New York, 1,000,000; Philadelphia, 680,000; Brooklyn, 300,000; Cincinnati, 280,000; Chicago, 250,000; Baltimore, 250,000; Boston, 192,324; and St. Louis, 183,000.

Hamill House, Newark, N. J.—The player having too many cards should have all the points made by play on that hand set back; his adversary should take two points, and there should be a new deal.

Old Reader, Forestville.—The match on which the wager was dependent not having been played, but another substituted, under different conditions of time, stake, etc., the stakeholder ought to have returned each party his money.

Dan, Philadelphia.—If the parties do not take sufficient interest to send a notice of forthcoming entertainments, you cannot expect us to hunt them up. Perhaps you will send us a report.

Tyler, Cincinnati.—You lose the bet, in so far as you had the same facilities for getting at the facts as he had. If you are satisfied that the party named is not the local editor of the paper, you must pay up.

Farrell.—1. He comes from the west. Has been on the stage three seasons. First appeared with Wilson's Minstrels, in St. Louis. First appeared in New York with Bryants' Minstrels. 2. $500 a night. 3. Has been married twice.

Simon, Johnston.—1. Such an affliction would be a great drawback to you in the profession. 2. From $15 to $50 a week. 3. They pay their own expenses unless engaged in a regular traveling company.

Pat, Chicago.—1. Lotta is a native of New York. 2. She played in California for some time. 3. She is. 4. Probably she will visit your city very soon. 5. She will, it is thought, go to California in the spring.

Cornet King, Cairo.—1. He is considered one of the best in the business. 2. Somewhere in the west. 3. About $25 a week. 4. Your chances for getting a situation here would be very poor.

Inquirer, Roxbury, Mass.—1. Fanny is the daughter of E. L. Davenport, and has appeared at the places you mention. 2. William Warren was born in Philadelphia in 1812, and made his first appearance on the stage in that city Oct. 27, 1832.

S. B., Cincinnati.—1. Three aces beat 17, but are beaten by three deuces. 2. A wins, for a man betting on a sure thing does not lose the wager, unless fraud has been used to induce the making of the bet.

H. G. S., Galena.—B's low goes out before A's high, Jack. The fact of A giving two points for the pitch necessitated his making these two points before B made the one required to put him out.

D. Y. M., Springfield, Ohio.—1. W. W. Newcomb is at present in this city. 2. "Who is the champion?" is a disputed question. 3. He was married to one of the Chiostop Sisters.

M. C. McD., St. Paul, Minnesota.—1. No; McCoole beat Davis Sept 19th, 1866. 2. Elliott defeated Davis May 10th, 1867. They never fought before.

Hanrex, Peoria.—1. If A got no shot he was entitled to a return of the money he paid for the privilege of taking one or more shots. 2. B does not lose.

A Lady Reader, Baltimore.—Do not send them any money; it is a bogus concern, and they will swindle you if the opportunity is offered them.

A. W. P., Chicago.—1. It is decided by the aggregate number of votes cast for the district electors. The average question don't come in. 2. Grant's majority in Illinois was 51,150.

Fremont, San Francisco.—G. L. Fox opened what is now known as the Broadway Theatre on April 21st, 1862, as the Olympia.

M. B. S., Johnstown.—Certainly. Several tragedians besides Edwin Forrest have played "Jack Cade," during the past ten years.

Gooseneck, Boston.—1. We do not know whether he is married or not. 2. Hi. Rumsey was, in his day, considered the best of the three you mention.

F. M. D., Lynchburg.—You will find their address among our theatrical advertisements. Send them a letter, and you may obtain the information.

Charles, Philadelphia.—The time of Sundown in the race at Troy is incorrectly reported in the paper referred to. It was 1.40¾ and not 1:43¾.

S. T., Kankaka, Ill.—A's low puts him out first, for although B makes high, game (the two points he bid for the privilege of the pitch), they do not score before A's low.

A. C., Cuba, Ill.—We are not in that line, and can give you no information on the subject. The British Consul may be able to assist you.

P. F., Rawlings Springs.—You cannot expect your challenge to receive attention, or money staked by others, when you have neglected to put up yourself.

G. W. B., Washington, Ind.—1. When Jack is turned up, it is scored immediately; consequently it goes out first. 2. R. Winn, as New York gave 10,000 majority.

Adolphus, Syracuse.—1. Write to Mr. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city. 2. He is in Europe. 3. Charley is considered by some to be a first-class performer.

C. H. J., Baltimore.—1. You will find the lady's whereabouts noticed in our dramatic summary. 2. She retires from the stage for domestic reasons.

Equestrian, Philadelphia.—If you mean which city possesses the largest amount of tonnage entered, Liverpool exceeds New York.

Dutch, Hoboken.—Apply to Miles Johnson, Yardville, near Bordentown, N. J. He ranks high as a dog breaker and trainer.

Byron Shades, Williamsburgh.—The penalty for a misdeal is the loss of the deal. B is consequently wrong.

W. M., New Orleans.—The lady was considered a fair leading stock actress, but was a failure as a star.

Domino, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—In a tie at the block game of dominoes there is no count.

T. W. M., Rochester.—Your proper course would be to apply in person at some of the establishments here.

W. S., Havre de Grace.—Send to Am. News Co., 122 Nassau street.

John Joseph, Indianola.—The Broadway Savings Bank, No. 4 Park Place. You can remit a postoffice order.

C. D. L.—1. She is 21 years of age, and not married. Take our advice, and do not write to her.

C. R. F., Boston.—Who do you mean? There are several in the profession by that name.

Constant Reader.—From $15 to $30 a week. It is not necessary to understand the reading of music.

Hugh, St. Louis.—We already have a "regular" in your city, who furnishes us with all news items.

Ordix.—Ada Harland is still under engagement to the Lydia Thompson troupe, although not playing with them at present.

Government Clerk, Washington.—E. H. Brunk is with J. C. Myers' company, supporting Edwin Forrest.

A. M. S., Binghamton.—Jack is the highest in cutting for deal.

Shaker.—We suppose it will reach the proper one if directed to the society at New Lebanon.

E. B. H., Glen Falls.—They should be reported to the department at Washington.

D. A., Camden.—A statement will shortly be published, when the party alluded to will have an opportunity to defend himself.

George and Thomas.—The Jack is the highest card in cutting for deal at euchre, and the player who cuts Jack wins.

O. N. S., Boston.—1. See article in another column. 2. The Mutuals are the nominal champions.

Swap Spitz, Pittsburgh.—1. Mansion House, on the Heights. 2. Not much difference. 3. John Brougham is 54.

Sherman, St. Augustin, Fla.—The party holding high, Jack, wins, because game cannot be scored until after Jack.

X. Y. Z., Port Huron.—The advertisement will cost 90 cents for each insertion.

J. D. G., St. Louis.—B having ordered A up, the latter cannot go alone.

G. A. R., Meadville.—The Showman's Guide will be issued in about three weeks.

C. H. McC., Detroit.—Your letters reach us early Monday morning of each week.

J. K.—Haven't been able to obtain the information you require, but will do so in season for our next issue, if possible.

E. H. W., Brooklhe, Mass.—The third player cannot go blind; only the one next the dealer has that privilege.

J. T. L., Chelsea, Mass.—C must either play the heart or trump; it is optional with him to do either.

J. M. R., Louisville.—We do not admit advertisements into our reading columns.

La Salle.—Such a work has never been published, and if there was one it would be of no use to you.

D. and H.—We prefer to wait until our next issue before giving an opinion on the question submitted.

Little Nell, Washington.—Lotta slips behind the scenes and appears in the allegorical scene.

Jack Wild, East St. Louis.—The "Modern Hoyle" says that "the highest card deals, and ace is highest."

Base Ball.—1. A notice of Maggie's marriage appeared in our last. 2. See base ball article in this issue.

Fountain City, Fond du Lac.—It is said to have more population than any other city in the world.

B. P., Chicago.—There is no work published here on the training of bull dogs.

Isabel.—They are not lost, Isabel, but are waiting their turn to be read and decided upon.

R. C. L., Chicago.—As C made the trump, our opinion is that A cannot go alone.

National Match Factory.—Not having access to the books of other papers, we are unable to give you the figures.

Jack, Memphis.—You must make the calculation for yourself; we have not the time.

Halfway House.—Three sixes and one tray count twelve at cribbage. Six for pair-royal and six for fifteens.

J. G. V., Titusville, Pa.—Gallagher was defeated by Bill Davis in forty-five rounds, 1 hour 57 minutes, Oct. 5, 1867.

R. H, Indianapolis, Ind.—Only once, with George Leese.

B. E xeter, N. H.—Yes.

Daniel Darby.—Please send your address to this office.

R. O. P., St. Paul, Minnesota.—See answer to M. C. McD.

Justice.—The three sees beat the flush of three hearts.

Peoria.—See answer to M. C. D.

Jink.—Your lines appear.

J. W. R., Massillon.—The Jack counts.

H. J. H., Albany.—He died in New York, Feb. 10, 1860.

J. A. L., Boston.—The lady is in California.

Live, Orange.—The Shadi is the largest.

Prof. O., Guatemala.—Received; all correct. Thank you.

I. B. C.—We have no reliable record of such time.

Curiosity, Peoria, Ill.—See answer to M. C. D.

Brooklyn.—We are in the nineteenth century.

J. L. E., Bay City.—Items would be acceptable.

W. H. G. Troy.—The deal goes in rotation.

P. H. S., St. Joe, Mo.—Remit $5.

A. W. H., Chicago.—See answer to Fountain City.

BEECHER TO BUNCOMBE.

We have already, in our columns, called attention to the evident fact that there exists a settled intention on the part of the dissenting clergy of this country to preach a crusade against theatrical amusements. We, at the time, moreover remarked that, although parsons of small note have been thrown forward as skirmishers of the aggressive army, the great ecclesiastical guns were certain to make their appearance in the field. That our prognostications were not unfounded is strikingly apparent, inasmuch as, on Thursday evening, the 11th inst., the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher condescended to lecture a large auditory at the Cooper Institute avowedly upon the subject of rational amusements, but in reality to join, in a meek and serpentine manner it must be confessed, the ecclesiastical train of crusaders. Unlike his predecessors of minor note, Mr. Beecher abstained from a direct assault upon the morality of the stage and its professors; nevertheless, in his covert insinuations and indirect allusions can be detected the latent animus influencing his zeal. That there is good policy upon the part of this evangelical celebrity in avoidance of a direct issue, none can doubt, for the clerical robe of the Plymouth pastor is too deeply stained by daubs of successful worldliness for him to maintain upon all occasions the alleged sanctity of his professional avocation.

After a very long, prosy, and by no means novel preliminary dissertation, which, coming from the mouth of any other human being save the Brooklyn apostle, would have been denounced as the flattest of sophmorical dish water, the revolving luminary of congregationalism unmasked his hidden battery. "He did not wish to attack the theatre in moral respects." And for a very good reason; Satan could not very well rebuke Sin, and Mr. Beecher was well aware that, for the purpose of increasing his worldly gain, he has perpetrated more than one act which, according to the strict interpretation of the common law of his own profession, for canonical law the so called congregational church has none, would be repugnant to the dignity, the honor and the sanctity of his calling.

"Now," continued the over-the-river Solomon, "assuming the theatre not to be very bad and the profession respectable, he would inquire whether it served any purpose of amusement or pleasurable instruction?" In this one sentence was contained the whole poison of the serpent, and every other word uttered upon the occasion is actually and absolutely surplusage, and Mr. Beecher was well aware that, when he gave vent to that unchristianlike, uncharitable and unfounded insinuation, he had accomplished his entire purpose; for, his hearers comprehended that in immorality, as antagonistic to clerical discipline, it is impossible to have comparative degrees.

"Assuming." There is an immensity of meaning in that word, as it carries with it a general denial of the premises, and Mr. Beecher, from the nature of his profession, should be too much of a logician not to understand the correct meaning of a term employed in an argumentative harangue. But even this hesitating assumption is unequivocally qualified, for our censor says "assuming the theatre not to be very bad," or in other words that the theatre is bad, and for the sake of argument I will assume a comparative condition of iniquity. Bad, in ordinary language, is a clumsy word to use upon any occasion, as it is one of the best cloaks for equivocation known to our tongue. Yet this monosyllable in clerical cant is one of the most opprobrious epithets which the prayer mongers can apply to men and things, and as such Mr. Beecher intended it to be received by all of those individuals among his audience who call themselves, in church going slang, professors of religion. Again, this pious gentleman, acting as a showman, for as such a traveling lecturer, hawking his presumptuously intellectual wares from town to town, for a stated compensation, can only be so regarded, dare not injure his business by giving to a mixed audience pure and unadulterated English.

Now the only logical interpretation of Mr. Beecher's round-about phraseology sanctions the following terse sentence:—"The theatre, according to my notions of morality, of which I am an acknowledged authority and expounder, is very bad, and the profession of the stage not a respectable one."

This expression of sentiment is nothing more nor less than a reiteration of the time honored Puritanical cant, borrowed from the days of Charles the Second, when moralists had good reason to denounce the stage and its professors. But at the same time moral people had equal reason to denounce the court, the aristocracy and the clergy. Yet, because Charles maintained a household of mistresses, and titled ladies loaned themselves as harlots, did the people of England clamor to abolish kings and aristocracy? No; they had common sense enough to sever the transgressions of the individual from the dignity of his position, and, through revolution, transferred honor to those capable of sustaining its immaculacy. The same thing occurred with regard to the theatre, the tone of which must be naturally tempered by the condition of society in the midst of which it exists; the licentious plays, pleasing to the courtiers and courtesans of the royal Charles, were discarded, and the strumpets of the stage expelled to make room for a race of ladies such as the Countesses of Peterborough, of Essex and other dames, entitled, through the usages of civilized society, to look down upon meaner heads, even upon that of Henry Ward Beecher.

The great Plymouth pastor, having spoken as a parson, feels ashamed of himself as a man, and consequently looked around for something he could mould into an explanatory argument. "The theatres," he says, "are too enormously expensive." And so is the preaching of Henry Ward Beecher, compared with the pecuniary compensation bestowed upon the apostles and primitive churchmen. We find no fault with the recompense dealt to gospel-mongers; on the contrary, we should encourage it, as prodigality—even extravagance—should, by true economists, be as an evidence of refinement and civilization, yet all must object to the recipients of over pay entering upon the imbecile habit of throwing stones.

But now comes the trump card, which takes the argumentative trick:—"It was urged by Christian men that if the matter were taken in hand, and good dramas encouraged and bad ones frowned upon, the theatres might be redeemed. He, for one, would have no amusement that must first go into quarantine."

If any unbeliever in the intellectual ability of the much bepuffed and bepraised Henry Ward Beecher required proof positive of the utter illogical and bigoted turn of his mind, we would offer him no stronger evidence than the above declaration. "Christian men," as a matter of course, in clerical slang, means not individuals professing the doctrines of Christianity, but simply those who pay pew rent, and pew rent, too, in aid of meeting houses of particular denominations, Plymouth Church especially. And even these rent payers, a tithe of a thousandth part of our population, have more charity than the Star paper apostle, and have so far rebelled against ecclesiastical despotism as to entertain a belief in a possibility. They think that if the stage "be taken in hand," in other words, placed beneath clerical censureship, and certain conditions imposed upon it, "the theatre might be redeemed." Undoubtedly, but we should request to know the precise period of its loss, for, like everything else, there should be a basis for redemption. But Mr. Beecher disposes of his rebellious co-religionists with a characteristic bit of snobbery:—"He, for one, would have no amusement which must first go into quarantine," and then he informs the world at large that, "on the whole, he considers the theatre a failure."

We have alluded to Mr. Beecher's ex communication of the stage simply to show the shallowness of pretence upon which men of his calibre attempt to dictate to the unfortunate non-thinkers, who bow, in stupid obedience, to moral mandates having no basis in ecclesiastical or other fact. The stage has many enemies, and always had, but it is due to common sense that something like a show of reason be advanced before people are stigmatised as not of a respectable profession, and their means of livelihood circumscribed upon the mere dictum of a solitary individual, however influential he may be, and however domineering his decrees over the throng he sovereignly governs.

PERJURY MADE EASY.

It might prove astonishing to persons unacquainted with the loose manner in which oaths are administered by those commissioners and notaries to whom the privilege of verifying affidavits and legal documents is committed as a means of money making, to learn the facility with which fraudulent documents are, from time to time, sanctioned by the signatures and seals of these officials. Yet this abuse of authority appears as naught compared with the immense number of apparently reputable individuals, who, for a trivial recompense, can be induced to appear before commissioners and notaries, and there, deliberately and knowingly, make false oath as to the truth of affidavits and other documents to be used for legal purposes.

It appears from the evidence taken in the various criminal trials recently instituted by the government against illicit whiskey distillers, that the highest price paid the subscribers of affidavits, subsequently shown to be malicious and wholly false fabrications, was the paltry sum of fifteen dollars. Upon these affidavits, regarded as reliable and genuine, through knowledge of the integrity and standing of the attesting officials, vexatious and expensive proceedings were instituted against Collector Bailey, before accredited an honorable and upright official, who, to vindicate his character, has been compelled to bring to light a system of paid perjury, which we are assured runs through almost every department in which documents, verified by oath, can be legally employed.

That a total disregard for the sanctity of an oath, unless assumed in the witness box and in an open court of justice, pervades all classes of the community, is as incontestable as it is degrading to our keener sense of morality. And this social calamity can be, in a measure, attributed to the facilities afforded the commission of perjury, both in extra judicial matters and in law proceedings of an *ex parte* character. Nevertheless, a careful examination into all the facts connected with this moral degradation will, we are confident, demonstrate its true origin to be in the oft repeated and unwise legislation which unnecessarily requires verification, through solemn obligations, of the meanest acts of a professional existence. Few among us contemplate the true nature of an oath; many more simply regard its assumption as a mere matter of form; while among business men, importers particularly, an oath, as applicable to the exigencies of commerce, is looked upon as an idle, meaningless compliance with governmental requirements.

Perjury, although nominally a penal offence, is a strictly moral crime, inasmuch, unless its commission be under circumstances the most barefaced and corrupt, it is next to an impossibility to secure the testimony required by the law to insure the conviction of a presumptive perjurer, be the enormity of the false swearing ever so great. The statute exacts, to sanction judgment upon felonious perjury, that two witnesses must controvert the fact alleged in the evidence of the offender, and the production of two witnesses to the most ordinary act of a man's daily life will, upon testing the question, prove a matter of difficulty, and, as to acts of an extraordinary nature, it may be considered next to a miracle. Let a man reflect seriously upon this stringent requirement of the law; let him rehearse the thousand and one cases which an ordinary fancy can conjure up, wherein he rests wholly at the mercy of a perjurer, and he will arrive at the same conclusion with us, that, as the law now stands, in nine instances out of ten, wherein his personal rights, or those of his property are in jeopardy through false swearing, the penal punishment awarded by the statute would not have the least terror for a perjuror, were that the sole penalty attached to the violation of an oath, truly and honorably to testify.

An oath, administered in a court of justice, is attended with circumstances peculiar to its assumption, and a compulsory moral solemnity easily obviated upon other occasions, which renders the giving of false testimony a matter of difficulty, and yet in how many cases submitted to the jury do we not find an immense mass of conflicting testimony, which, should the evidence be given as positive, necessarily implies that one party or the other has falsified himself. A witness in court, if he be not trained for the business, or a consummate hypocrite, is naturally awed through novelty of his position; he stands face to face with a judge, a jury, and a mass of auditors, who watch his every action and draw conclusions as to the sincerity of his declarations from the style and manner of their delivery; he is confronted by a skilful lawyer, who, after subjecting him to a searching cross examination, analyses his evidence and exerts his ingenuity to pervert its literal meaning or to controvert its tendencies, and finally the testimony, in this public manner given, is submitted, as to the matter of its credibility, to an investigation at the hands of twelve disinterested jurors, who by their verdict decide in an implied manner whether, in their opinion, the witness has spoken the truth or not. Consequently, in view of all these surroundings, it is rare to find a man hardened enough to commit perjury upon the witness stand; and this forbearance from false testimony arises from no fear of penal punishment, but from a settled belief either that its fallacy will be detected or that the verdict of the jury will render it of no account.

How different is the case with habitual affidavit fabricators, or with those swearing to documents ready made or prepared for signature by counsel controlling their action. All the author of an affidavit is required to do is to enter the office of a commissioner or notary, and there, upon payment of a small fee, without the presence of another person, to obtain his attestation that the document has been verified upon oath, legally administered, and thereupon such a paper, in *ex parte* proceedings, carries equal validity with testimony delivered by word of mouth. And, as a cloak for misrepresentation, the affidavit maker is generally allowed a privilege denied the same individual on the witness stand, that of testifying upon information and belief, which opens the door to every species of falsification, inasmuch as any man can inform another anything desirable to be believed, and to believe is no criminal offence. Can we wonder, then, that through this lax method of testifying advantage is daily taken of a system which, morally speaking, can be regarded as perjury made easy.

Perjury, as we have said before, is a moral, and not physical crime, as the punishment of bearing false testimony is punishable not in this world, but in that to come. The very questions propounded by a well instructed judge to test the eligibility of a witness, exemplify the theological character of the act. No atheist can be sworn to testify in any law suit, inasmuch as he does so in the name of his Creator. "Take not God's holy name in vain" is the terse scriptural prohibition of perjury. The proffered witness must believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, and particularly in the punishment of those guilty of false swearing. An oath, sanctified by an appeal to the name of the Almighty, is therefore to be looked upon rather as a sacrament of the Church in its theological bearings than as a mere requirement of legislative action; and yet how many of the myriad of daily oath takers ever reflect upon these serious considerations?

The fact is that oath taking has been required, through action of the law and the customs of trade, to become a component of such insignificant transactions of life that the sanctity of the obligation has almost vanished. Do we not commit blasphemy when we most unnecessarily attach God's holy name to a statement of fact, the veracity of which can be attested by a simple declaration? Why should a lawyer's boy, serving a document, of whose contents he may be in ignorance, be compelled to declare as to its delivery upon oath? Why should an importer be required to verify an invoice by a solemn obligation? Why should a bank cashier be legally forced to verify his weekly statement by the same process? In a word, of what earthly use are the thousand and one extra judicial oaths, daily exacted from mere traders and business men, in order to carry on commercial transactions, when a mere declaration, with a definite penalty attached in the event of its falsity, should answer the purpose? And now we wonder, having thus familiarized people with blasphemy, at the universal prevalence of perjury.

Gone.—Alexander Dumas has had to leave Paris to escape his creditors, we are told by a correspondent. At last accounts he was at Havre, and had issued the following manifesto on the dead walls; "Men of Havre! the author of Monte Christo is among you. Come and see him!" And there he sells his autograph for a bribe, to raise funds. A queer fish is old Dumas.

A Hit.—The printers strike, the masons strike, the cigar makers strike—in fact, everybody seems to be on the strike, and nothing is ever done to 'em, says our Jim, but if the pawnbrokers attempt to get on a strike, clubs is trumps directly, and the M. P.'s get 'em locked up. Is that square, now?

There Was a Row in the House, at Washington, one day last week, wherein the two Bens—Wade and Butler—took a hand in. First, *Ben he fit;* then the other *Ben he fit;* but it does not appear that the country derived any *benefit* from the contention.

An English Tourist named Burns, romantically inclined, is said to have married a Tyrolese peasant girl, living among those mountains. It would be no stretching of the truth to style the ceremony "Burns' Highland Mary."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Among the notable institutions of the present day are those peculiar organizations styled Young Men's Christian Associations, which are composed of young men who desire to be posted up in scripture, and things thereunto appertaining, who are supposed to aid in furthering missionary efforts and good enterprises generally. They are to be found in every city of any note, and note-oriously true is it that in some of them may be found some very queer fish. Now let not our pious friends take the alarm. We are not going to say anything against these organizations. We harp not on anything that may be objectionable in connection with them. We are not disposed to come *down* on them; we would sooner up-hold them. If our opinion had any weight with the religious young men of our day, we would *enjoin* it upon them to *join* some one of these *bodies* of youths, whose *souls* are exercised in labors for the good of their *species*, which is a *species* of work that comparatively few are engaged in. Yet, while it is true that some of these associations are eminently useful in their way, it is none the less true that they are oftentimes composed in part of very queer material—of persons who, whatever talents they may possess in other directions, were never cut out for theologians. The *reason* is because their *reasoning* powers are deficient; they *jump* to conclusions, without any *log*-itimate process of argumentation, and often leave a question more be-*fog*-ged and *myst*-erious than when they began to discuss it. Conclusions are sometimes reached that are startling, and you are puzzled to divine how in the world they could have ever arrived at them. Some such material as that of which we have been speaking must have got into one of these associations that we know of. Our friend "Wheelbank," who once studied for the ministry, and who is, withal, a close critic, received an invitation to visit an association meeting, one evening, and as he had the privilege of taking a friend with him he took us along. The evening's entertainment was to consist of a debate, in which, as a compliment, we were invited to take part. The question of the evening (not exactly a religious one) was "Whether it was necessary for the cause of education to have whipping in the public schools." During the progress of the debate, as they had to bring in scripture somehow, Brother Walsh asserted that "He could defend whipping on scriptural grounds, for did not the good book say, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child?' And again, in the 25th chapter of Deuteronomy, whipping was approved." On his taking his seat our sublime Brother Wheelbank *rose*, and, in his *flower-y stile*, *styled* the brother's argument a chimera. Said he, "The rod is merely a *figure* of speech, and *figures* extensively in scripture as representing discipline of any kind, and the passage in Deuteronomy only speaks of the punishment of grown people who had offended against the laws of God governing the *Jews*. It was a *ju*-dicial proceeding that was there spoken of, and in speaking of that punishment the passage said, 'Forty stripes he may give him, and not *exceed*, and it is *exceed*-ingly hard for me to understand how flogging school children can be defended by the scripture quoted. Beside, in some of the schools the *corrections* are not *correctly applied*, even if the passage *applied* to the *subject*, for some of the *subjects* of such discipline receive so many more stripes than *forty* (40) that their *forti*-tude is severely taxed to *stand* it, and their *ril*-uation is grievous indeed. One boy that I know of had so many *stripes* given him that his flesh was *striped* all over like that of a *striped* zebra, by reason of the marks which the *stripes* had left on his *body*, and a *body* cannot help feeling indignant about it. But I am glad to know that I am not the only one that *feels as I do* concerning the way the *poor scholar feels* after such barbarous punishment. Men of intelligence are moving in the *matter*, and it *matters* not how much the work of reform may be opposed, it will be successful. Able *writers* are endeavoring to *right* the sufferers from this monstrous *wrong*. Men who can wield a masterly *pen*, men of *pen*-etrating minds are giving their energies to this *work; works* are being written on the subject, and the iniquitious system will yet be rooted out through the influence of the mighty pen which we all know is mightier than the *sword*. Yes, this mighty influence is being used in be-*half* of the *whole*-some reforms which we advocate. It is *beginning* to be felt, and the *end* in view will soon be gained." Wheelbank ended, his heart full of enthusiasm and his face full of perspiration, and took his seat, while the members appeared overwhelmed with astonishment at his eloquence. But their murmurs of surprise had not yet subsided, when Brother Bowen arose and thus spread himself: "I have been waiting a *good bit* for the gentleman to get done; he has said a *good bit*, but I don't see as how he has proved anything. I think it does boys a *good bit* of good to lick them once in a while; some of them won't learn without it, and the gentleman is a *good bit* mistaken if he thinks he can stop the whipping in the schools, even if they are using pens, as he says, to stop it. And I think it is a *good bit* of nonsense to talk of the pen being greater than the sword. I want to know if we could have licked the rebels with pens, and, besides, the *pen* is not so great, after all—you could do it with a *lead pencil*." Having concluded this magnificent splurge, Brother Bowen took his seat, with a self-satisfied air, while on Wheelbank's face there was a look of blank amazement. Bro. Vance now took the floor, and thus addressed the chair:—"I agree with my literary brother in his opinion of the practice of whipping children in the schools. Unruly children could be reported to their parents and corrected by them. Allowing others, except their natural protectors, to do it, puts me too much in mind of slavery, and anything that is like slavery is wrong, because we all know that slavery is a great sin." After this conclusive speech Brother Vance sat down, when Brother Ogburn sprang to his feet and took exceptions to the remarks of Brother Vance concerning slavery. "It is only his opinion that slavery is a sin," said he, and after almost entirely taking up with a lot of rigmarole the time allotted to him for speaking, he managed to drag in and make a most ridiculous use of a passage of Scripture which is held by Christian ministers everywhere to be a prophecy, in which the conversion of Heathen nations to Christianity is foretold, and this is the way he did it:—"The brother," said he, "is too positive in his assertion. I have scripture to prove that slavery is not a sin." "Show it up," said Brother Vance. "I will," said the other, seizing a Bible and opening it with a flourish. "Here it is—part of the 8th verse of 2d Psalm:—'I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance'" This was too much. On hearing a sublime passage of scripture thus outrageously perverted, the disgusted Wheelbank jumped up and broke from the room, and we followed him instanter. Wheelbank says that he esteems the *members*, and re-*members* gratefully their kindness and courtesy to him, but he must say that if there are no better reasoners among them than he heard on that evening, they had better turn their association into a Sunday school as soon as it can be done.

A NEW FIELD FOR THE DRAMATISTS.

The fraternity of dramatists and dramatic adapters have been so long at their wits' ends for ideas, it is singular that they have not thought about reproducing, in a manner suitable to the requirements of the present day, the works of some of the cluster of brilliant wits who flourished during the Elizabethian era, when literature of that description was greatly cultivated, having royalty to set the example. Those who profess some little familiarity with the plays of England's greatest bard (the few, that is to say, which adorn the modern stage) fan themselves with the idea that in going to see them they are to listen to the glowing language of Shakespeare undefiled, and would doubtless be surprised were they informed of the liberties which were taken with them by one Colley Cibber, who tagged ridiculous nursery rhymes to the principal speeches, and needed but to have carried the suggestion a little further to have metamorphosed them into burlesques. The tragedy of "Richard the Third," which Cibber very nearly converted into a melodrama, is replete with these peculiarities:—

"I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head."

"Let's lack no discipline, brook no delay—
My soul's in arms and eager for the fray."

And so in Macbeth:—

"Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day."

And in Hamlet:—

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

And in Macbeth:—

"Blow winds! come whack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

We suppose Cibber called this *improving* the text. We should call it, more plainly, doggerel. There can be no question, however, that the adaptations were successful, inasmuch as they have held possession of the stage uninterruptedly, while other plays of Shakespeare, of the same high order of merit, with many popular productions of his day, have remained in obscurity. Dullness was not an especial characteristic of those times, and in Dodsley's collection of old English plays are numerous examples sparkling with wit, which might serve as the groundwork for still further adaptations. Other old plays have been handed down to us through other sources. The names of Beaumont and Fletcher, who wrote in a sort of literary partnership; of Ben. Jonson, author of the "Masque of Comus;" of Ford and

grievously infect our metropolitan districts:—Lot of old boards and shingles, hooked from somebody's barn in the vicinity, $0.00; 20 pounds nails, assorted sizes, pocketed in the shop of a friendly carpenter, $0.00; one old stove and pipe, $1; fishing tackle, $0.50; one old door, found lying round loose' $0.00; shovel, do., $0.00; 1 rat trap (to catch rats and mice for Irish stews—made by self), $0.00; 1 old saucepan, coffee pot, tin plate, $0.75; 1 bag coffee from the wharves (free of duty), $0.00; potatoes and other vegetable produce, out of adjacent gardens, $0.00; fowl and eggs (from friendly hen-roosts), $0.00; five gallons old rye whiskey (presented by a friend who did it to get rid of him, being in the way), $0.00; two suits old clo', $5; 1 gross clay pipes (hooked 'em), $0.00; tobacco (present of a friend), $0.00; matches (pragged on the sly), $0.00. For delicacies, two or three hours of laborious application was sufficient to provide a handsome supply of lizards, bugs and worms from under stones and decayed tree trunks, and now and then a skunk or a gopher would fall in his way, which he used as a side dish. He fattened upon this his way, which he used as a side dish. He fattened upon this diet, and is so healthy that he passes most of his time in sleeping. Grand total of expense, seven dollars, twenty-five cents. This sum he found by accident in the street, so it will be seen that this little attempt at "dwelling alone with nature" cost him nothing, while Mr. Hotham acknowledges that the least he could get along upon for one winter was fifty dollars, exclusive of clothing and equipments. The "hermit dodge" is one that may figure very well in romances, but abstractedly considered, we should not suppose it would pay.

ON VOTING.

Whether our female population are to be allowed to become ballot girls—whether we are to have a darkey b'lot on our escutcheon—whether even we are to give red-dress to the aborigines and there is to be a red *rose* among the Indians to the extent of the suffrage—does not concern us more particularly than it does the rest of our fellow beings. *We* vote, like good men and true—all of us except "Jim;" and he will also when his extreme youth wears off. Consequently, we are a little careless about our brother mortals. Voting is undoubtedly an unalloyed blessing and an inestimable privilege. A man who is a voter can reflect with pride that, from the highly colored tickets which lie scattered about the polls, he may exercise his own discretion by using one headed by the undaunted rooster of the Democracy, or its rival, with the Republican spread eagle glaring fiercely upon him from the top. But when it comes to the question whether fairs, blacks, and reds are to be equally blessed and privileged with ourselves, we'd rather leave the long and dry arguments to others more competent, and also more inclined that way.

But as suffrage is an excellent institution, we are benevolent enough to wish that all our friends could enjoy it. We wish, too, that they were all competent to its proper exercise (like all of us, except the aforesaid "Jim"). But this is more than we can reasonably expect, for we are well aware that many of our citizens now wielding the ballot are far from being afflicted with over-intelligence. Were we going by acuteness, "Our Jim" should forthwith become a citizen. But we have our general laws—and extraordinary cases like that of our boy must yield to fixed rules.

Having said about as much as we ought to on a subject so foreign to us, we will in conclusion "point a moral" by adorning the latter portion of our article with a tale. We must premise that it is not only new, but true—both qualities being something of rarities now-a-days. It occurred down in Georgia, and the hero was none of your carpet-bagger interlopers, but a genuine unadulterated native, innocent of that harmless accomplishment, the alphabet. Bill H. was his name, and early in the morning of their November election he started to the polls. On the way he met a friend and neighbor coming from them, and the latter handed him a receipt for making some *pills*, that had been effecting wonderful cures of late in the vicinity, and at the same time favored him with a Seymour ticket. Mr. H. took both, and kept on to the polls. Being a good-natured, sociable fellow, with plenty of "hail-fellow" friends, he had to do sundry "liquoring" before he voted. Finally he performed the latter important business, and then remained about the polls electioneering, till late in the afternoon, when he started for home.

Now, his wife had been ailing for several days, and so, like a good husband, the first thing he did was to feel for the receipt he had obtained, which he handed to his better half, remarking, "There, Polly, there's the pill receipt Jim Sanford gave me for you." She looked at the paper and burst out laughing as she replied:—"Why, Bill, you darned fool, its a *Seymour and Blair ticket!*" Bill glanced at it in consternation. Then his eyes wandered to the clock. It wanted twenty minutes of six, at which hour the polls would close. The next instant he bolted out of the house like a madman, and tore up the road towards the voting precinct. It was almost a mile away, but he kept on with nearly unabated pace till he arrived panting at his goal just as the polls were closing. "Hold on, my boys," he gasped, "I want ter vote." The judges looked at him with severe eyes. "Why, Bill," said one, "it's penitentiary to vote twice, and you're already voted the clean Democratic ticket." "Democratic h—ll!" shouted Mr. H., "It's a durned lie. *I voted Bill Sanford's pill receipt*, that's what I did!" Fact.

PUGILISM RAMPANT.—Millions of matches to box are made in New York annually, and the number of strikes and blows are incalculable. Boxing matches is a good business.

ROUGH ON RUTH.—The Bible tells us that Ruth treated her sweetheart shabbily, inasmuch as she first "pulled his ears," and afterwards "trod upon his corn."

A "BULLY MAN" is not so-called owing to his superior pugilistic attainments, but rather to his kind and charitable nature

FIGHTING MEN, because they say what they mean, are derisively called *blow*-ers.

THE CORINTHIAN LODGE, No. 488, F. and A. M., will hold their annual ball at the Apollo Rooms on the 24th inst. We thank them for an invitation to be present.

THE GEORGE W. CREGIER Association are to give their first annual ball at National Assembly Rooms, Forty-fourth street, on Monday evening, Feb. 22d.

A MASQUERADE AND CIVIC BALL is to be given by the "S. H Hurd Association," on the 19th inst., at Irving Hall. If promises to be a very enjoyable gathering.

A DISREPUTABLE CHARACTER, who it would do well to avoid in a lonesome place, calls the ladies who take up so much room in the cars the *un*/*air* sex.

"OUR JIM" says another man (?) told him that he knows a butcher's wife, up town, who throws sheep's eyes at every man who passes by.

Sporting Squibs.

—The New York State Agricultural Fair for 1869 is to be held at Elmira.

—A pie a piece was given to the inmates of the Maine State Prison on the 31st ult., by H. C. Dorsey.

—120 velocipede patents have been applied for in this country, and 100 caveats are on file besides.

—Bergh, the kindness-to-cattle man, lectured in the Assembly Chamber, in Albany, on the 9th inst.

—The Atlantic Fishing Company of Nantucket, R. I., lost much money last year. Fishing is evidently a fiscal failure.

—A swop of wives, one man giving three bushels of corn to boot, took place at Dubois, Ind., recently, it is said. Dubious.

—Velocipede races on the ice have taken place in Paris this winter, and a high rate of speed has been attained.

—The yacht Henrietta arrived at Havana, Cuba, on the 11th inst., with Gen. Van Allen and friends on board.

—The tallest chimney in the world is in Glasgow, Scotland, and is 454 feet high. Smoke?

—English sparrows have increased so much in New Haven, Ct., that it is hoped that the inch worm will disappear.

—Thirty deer have been killed this season at Campton, N. H., by C. S. Swain. Deer Swain, truly.

—"First cousins not to marry" is a subject of legislative discussion in Kentucky.

—A large gray wolf was seen near Cambridge, Ill., recently, but not caught.

—They must have an abundance of meat in Montreal, for we see it stated that a horse was recently sold there for 75 cents "Cheap meat's" good enough for boarders.

—The white fish and lake trout of Lake Superior are reported as attaining considerable weight and size this season, some having been caught of 25lbs weight.

—Yantic river, Norwich, Ct., was filled with dead ducks on the 6th inst., it is reported, and nobody knows what killed 'em.

—The first printing press in New Hampshire was set up at Portsmouth by Samuel Fowle, of Boston, in 1795, who then started the *N. H. Gazette*.

—A fastidious lass recently asked a music seller for "Hood's song of a gentleman's under garment," which gave the salesman a fit of hood winking.

—A "painter," weighing about two hundred pounds, and measuring eight feet two inches, was shot last week near Lewistown, Me. He'll no longer wag his brush, will he?

—A rabid canine was slaughtered at Paterson, N. J., on the 10th inst., his corpus having been pierced with 36 bullets. That's what might be called a K IX bulletin.

—For breeding fish, and to prohibit their being caught and used on certain days in each week, the Massachusetts legislature are solicited to pass a law.

—Twenty foxes have been slain by two hunters this winter on the range of hills separating Holyoke and West Springfield, Mass., and Henry Pepper, of the latter place, can show the brushes of eleven of them.

—Some Indianapolis velocipedists have arranged a trip to Richmond, Ind., to dine at Greenfield, stop at Knightstown over night, dine next day at Cambridge, and return to Richmond on the second day at 6 P. M.

—A needlecript fish, verry like a whale, from which nine barrels of blarber valued at $175 were taken, was caught at Deanis, Mass., recently, by P. A. Hall. This is striking oil to some purpoze.

—A locomotive for common roads made a successful trip of five miles near Havre recently, through a hilly country, with a vehicle attached laden with passengers. Good. Away with R. R. monopolies.

—A wild cat, 3 ft. 8 in., from tip to tip, was killed at Wheeling, Minn., recently. They appear to be numerous in that region. Hare, in Gotham, infelicitous feline femminines are numerous also.

—A chess, checquer and dominoe club is in process of organization under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association, of Morrisania, at their rooms in Athenæum Building. Let "rational amusements" flourish.

BASE BALL.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

The extreme mildness of the past few days has given quite an impetus to out-door sports. Base ball, in particular, is as far advanced at the present time as it usually is in April or May. The leading clubs of the country, with a few exceptions, have made up their nines for the season, and one or two clubs have arranged for extended excursions.

THE "REVOLVING SYSTEM."

The changes since last season in the composition of the nines of the principal organizations have been very great. The system of "revolving," so much in vogue during the past few seasons, is in full blast at the present time, and the bargaining of players from one club to another is being carried on in a shameless and open manner. This cannot but tend to the detriment of our noble game, unless it is frowned down by all who have the permanency and good will of base ball at heart. There is but one way to do this, and that is for all first-class clubs to refuse membership to players who are known as professional "revolvers." The CLIPPER has always advocated everything in connection with our National Game which we thought would benefit it. At the same time we have denounced anything and everything which we thought would be detrimental to the sport. In regard to those players who leave clubs after having made promises and accepted compensation for future services, we intend to pursue a course which will have the effect to break up the pernicious system. In all well authenticated cases of this kind it is our intention to give the name of the offender and the full particulars of his shameless conduct. This we shall do in every case where the evidence is plain. In this matter we ask the co-operation of every organization in the country, to the end that we may be better prepared to cope with the monstrous system which is working so much evil.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

Very naturally, all eyes are turned upon the half a dozen leading clubs of the country. What they are going to do, and who are going to compose their nines, are the subjects of absorbing interest just now. The Mutuals, as the nominal champion club, are attracting the most attention in this vicinity, while the Cincinnatis in the west and the Athletics in the east, stand next in the order of interest. Of last year's nine the Mutuals will only retain three or four. Wolters, Swandell, Mills and perhaps Flanley, are spoken of as sure to be in the new nine. The new accessions are Mills, of the Atlantics, to catch for Wolters; Eggler, of the Eckfords, and Hatfield, of the Cincinnatis, for the field. Pabor, of the Unions, is talked of as a fielder, and as Charley is one of the best out-fielders in the country, as well as a first-class pitcher and batter, it is probable, therefore, that he will be secured. Dick Hunt, who was prevented by severe sickness from taking part in many games last season, will be in the nine this season, we are assured. If Pabor is secured, Hatfield will play on the in-field, where he is as much at home as anywhere else. Now that George Wright is not available, that old and at one time unapproachable short-stop, Tommy Devyr, will probably be in the nine.

The Atlantics have had their nine made out some time; with the exception of pitcher and catcher it will remain the same as last year. Zettlein and Mills retire, their places being filled by Tom Pratt and Frank Norton. The rest of the nine will be the same as last year, with the exception, perhaps, that Crane and Ferguson may change places. Charley Smith, who in his day, was the crack third baseman of this country, will play that position this season altogether. As Charley tells us he is going into practice as soon as the weather will permit, we may expect to witness some old time fielding and batting from this great baseman. The Atlantics have changed their playing ground, and will this season occupy the Capitoline Ground, Bedford—a field, by the way, where they gained all their renown. A trip to New Orleans is in contemplation for next month by these ex-champions; in fact, we believe it has been definitely settled upon, but of this we know nothing officially.

As already announced in these columns, the Union club has resolved upon giving up the professional business, having found it too expensive. They will have a first class amateur nine, however, and, no doubt, will show a good record at the close of the season. Of their last season's nine, Shelley and Birdsall have gone to Washington, John Goldie and Pabor are on the "fence;" Smith, we understand, intends to retire from active participation in a game in which he has been so successful, and upon which he has reflected so much credit. The Active club, having lost the services of Charley Walker, will be also n of so much of their strength that it is doubtful if they will put forth a nine this season. We hope we are wrong in this impression, for the Actives have always acted an honorable part in their relations toward other clubs. In their time they have achieved many brilliant victories, and in the history of the national game, if it is ever written up, they will occupy a bright page.

Of the Eckfords we hear very little. There is some talk of their getting Zettlein as a change pitcher for Martin. The loss of Eggler is rather severe upon the club, but a brother of the crack fielder promises as well, it is said. Most of last year's nine will be retained, probably, and an endeavor made to equal, if not excel, their victories of the past. We have heard nothing of the numerous amateur clubs in New York and vicinity, such as the Empires, Eagles, Knickerbockers, Orientals, Excelsiors, Eurekas, Irvingtons, Gothams, Mohawks, Harlem and many others. We presume, however, they will all have the same nines—or nearly the same—as they played last season.

PHILADELPHIA CLUBS.

Outside of the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, the same activity prevails in base ball circles. From every section of our country the din of preparation is borne on every wind. The Athletics, of Philadelphia, who made such a name for themselves by their brilliant record of last year, are the centre of attraction outside of the metropolis. With the exception of two or three, their nine will remain the same as last season. Miller, of the Olympics, is talked of as the successor of Radcliffe, but it is not known for certain who will face Dick McBride's pitchin, if Radcliffe *has* "flew the course." Foran and Berry will be replaces by players whose strength will be more in keeping with that of their fellows. Harrop, of the Olympics, and Korke, of the Maryland Club, both pitchers, and both good general players, are talked of as successors to the players mentioned. These changes, it is believed, will be beneficial to the Athletics, and will give increased confidence to the many ardent friends and supporters of the club. A new club room is in contemplation on South Eighth street, over Al. Reach's new store. The Keystones, under the Presidency of Mr. Theodore Bomeisler, intend to try and regain their old prestige. The club has been badly handled for the past few seasons, and it needs just such a man as Mr. Bomeisler to bring it up to the first class standard it occupied years ago. We have not heard much in regard to next season's nine, but presume such first class players as Flowers, Gwynn, Reach, Culp, Bechtel, McClarnin and Ewell will be retained. The Olympics are making extensive preparations for a successful season, but we hear nothing said in regard to the composition of their nine. The Geary Club, it is rumored, has ceased to exist. Of the numerous second rate clubs in the city of Brotherly Love very little is known, as not so much interest is taken in their affairs as in those of other organizations.

OTHER OUT OF TOWN CLUBS.

The only western club that appears to be fully alive to the importance of the approaching season is the Cincinnati Club. As they come under the head of clubs who have an eye on the championship, their actions are watched more closely and commented on more freely than those of other organizations. According to their own showing their nine is already picked out and was given in last week's CLIPPER by our Cincinnati correspondent. It is pretty near the same as last year. They have slipped up on Hatfield, however, who has joined the Mutuals, as stated above. By some means the Cincinnatis have succeeded in alienating Radcliffe from the Athletics, but it is very doubtful whether he will remain long with the "Red Stockings." A more advantageous offer may carry him still further west or bring him back to the east again. The many rumors afloat in regard to the Buckeyes and their intentions this year renders it difficult for us to say with certainty what they are going to do. We hear from one quarter that, like the Unions, of Morrisania, they have become disgusted with professionals and intend to return to the amateur status. From other sources we learn that the club intend to strengthen their nine, and to give the "Red Stockings" a livelier brush than they did last season. Time only will tell the truth or falsity of these rumors.

We hear nothing positive from the Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Rockford, Louisville and other western and southwestern clubs. In the south the game is now at its height, and we are in receipt of scores of games from New Orleans and other cities every week. In Washington and Baltimore there is considerable going on in base ball circles. The National club, which took no little part last season in our noble game, is getting together a nine that will, it is said, eclipse even the famous nine of 1866-7. Birdsall and Shelly are the secessions, and with Frank Norton, Forker, Berthrong, Studley, Robinson, and others well known to fame, will make a very tough team. The Olympics, Unions and other Washington clubs, are also on the *qui vive*, and intend to keep pace with their neighbors if possible. The Maryland club of Baltimore, by their defeat of the Nationals last season, became the champions of the south, which honor they still hold. There was some underhand transactions in regard to the last game of the match, however, which we commented on at the time, and until this stigma is removed, the honors of the championship will be rather empty. The Enterprise, Pastime and other Baltimore clubs will probably be in the field with first class nines, of which we shall have more to say hereafter.

In speaking of first class clubs we must not forget the famous "Haymakers," of Lansingburgh. Though last, they are by no means least. They have just elected their officers for 1868, and intend to do even better, if possible, than last season. Their nine will remain the same as last season, with the exception of McAtee and Davis. The former will play first base, and the latter retires. Bonker will play short stop, a position he filled with credit in a number of games last season. The "Haymakers" want a first class swift pitcher, and are after Zettlein, late of the Atlantics. If they get "The Charmer," they will have a remarkably strong nine, and one hard to beat.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The unsatisfactory termination of the championship contest of last season, left the question in such a muddled state that it was difficult to tell which club was really entitled to the honors. The Mutuals became champions by defeating the Atlantics, but their claim was only a nominal one, as the club they defeated had previously suffered defeat in two games at the hands of the Athletics. On this account, and also because the Mutuals and Athletics did not engage in a new series for the title, we resolved to hold the Gold Ball which we had had manufactured for the champion club in our possession till this season. We did this in the hope that the Athletics and Mutuals would be able to come to some satisfactory understanding in regard to its possession. Our plan was that the two clubs should come together early this season, and play a series of games for the Gold Ball and the championship. This would give *eclat* to the commencement of the season of 1869, and as a financial speculation would prove highly remunerative to both clubs. Thousands would flock to the scene of contest from all parts of the country, and the interest in the result would exceed any previous meetings in the annals of the game. This is the only solution to the championship muddle that we can recommend, and the only one that will satisfy all parties.

Since the above article was written and put in type, several important rumors have reached us, which we wish to add as a sort of addenda. George Wright, as stated by our Cincinnati correspondent, has concluded to remain in Porkopolis, and will short-stop for the "Red Stockings." Ferguson will catch and Pike play centre-field for the Atlantics. Leonard, who left the Buckeys to join the Cincinnatis, returned to Irvington last week on a visit. He reports that Radcliffe left Porkopolis before him, on a visit to his mother in Philadelphia. The latest from the Mutuals is that they are after Martin, their old pitcher, as a change off for Wolters. If they get him, he will play in the field, and Hatfield will play second-base. The Irvingtons will have a first class nine, which will comprise all of last year's favorites, with the addition of Sweesy and Stoekman. Pabor, late of the Unions, is now in Cincinnati, and may go in the "Red Stocking" nine, in Hatfield's place.

CLUB ELECTIONS.—The Fairmount Club of Marlboro, Mass., have elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, E. D. Whitney; Vice President, Geo. S. Russell; Secretary, Chas. W. Newhall; Treasurer, Frank W. Sawin; Directors, H. W. Brigham, H. A. Hudson, C. M. Felton. The Woronoco Club, of Westfield, Mass., the champion juniors of Western Massachusetts, at their annual election, made the following selection:—President, Chas. M. Hatheway; Vice President, M. H. Murdock; Recording Secretary, F. Gillette; Corresponding Secretary, D. Williams; Directors, Allen Williams and Gladwin; Treasurer, H. T. Snow. Fowler, late of the Yale College Club, has joined the Woronocos, and will play in his old position at second base. Allen, late of the Monitor Club, will occupy the position of pitcher.

The Union Club of Lansingburgh have reorganized for the ensuing year, and elected the following officers:—Hon. James McKeon, President; John H. Campbell, Vice-President; John W. Scofield, Corresponing Secretary; James H. Spotten, Treasurer.

AL REACH, the well-known second base player, has just located himself at No. 6 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, and is already in the field with a fine assortment of base balls, bats, and everything requisite in the game, together with sporting goods of every variety.

THE BAT AND BALL DOWN SOUTH.

The ball tossing season may be said to be now fully inaugurated in the Creole State, and, from this early commencement, promise is given of a lengthy and vigorously conducted campaign. We subjoin the scores of two games played between the Pelicans and Washingtons, on the 31st ult. and 7th inst., respectively:—

PELICAN.	H. L.	R.	WASHINGTON.	H. L.	R.
Ford, p	3	4	Foley, 1st b	3	9
Henderson, c	3	3	Jones, c	3	1
Murtha, 1st b	0	5	Burecaral, s s	3	0
Buhler, 2d b	3	3	LeBoff, p	3	0
Short, 3d b	0	5	LaRose, 2d b	1	1
Dietrich, s s	1	4	Filieu, r f	1	1
Mahen, l f	3	5	Vedrenne, l f	3	0
Hutchings, c f	1	5	Luckey, c f	0	1
Young, r f	0	6	Lockerby, 3d b	1	1
Total	38		Total		5

INNINGS	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Washington	1	2	0	0	2—9
Pelican	1	6	5	11	12—38

Umpire—Mr. Fardy, of Hope B. B. C. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

PELICAN.	H. L.	R.	WASHINGTON.	H. L.	R.
Ford, p	1	5	LaBoff, p	4	1
Henderson, c	5	2	Wilcox, p	3	2
Mahew, 1st b	2	6	Foley, 1st b	3	2
Blanchard, c f	3	4	Vedrenne, 2d b	3	1
Hutchings, 2d b	3	3	Burkhardt, 3d b	3	2
Brown, l f	5	1	Letten, l f	3	1
Lock, s s	3	2	Eedredreune, s s	5	0
Young, r f	4	4	Jones, c f	4	0
Murth, 3d b	3	3	Noi, r f	3	0
Total	30		Total		9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Pelican	3	2	2	0	4	3	0	4	3—21
Washington	2	0	3	1	2	0	3	0	0—9

Umpire—H. R. McVey, of Lone Star Club. Scorers—Pelican, Wm. A. Dietrich; Washington, E. Chassaignac, jr. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-one minutes.

CINCINNATI BALL GOSSIP.—George Wright arrived in Cincinnati last week, and may be considered a Forkite for the future.....Hatfield left the Cincinnati Club and joined the Mutuals, after having entered into a written contract to play with the former.....The Union and Buckeye grounds are to be thrown open on the first of March for play. A number of velocipedes will be kept upon each ground. So writes our correspondent.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN TOWN AND OUT OF TOWN.

Jack Frost has finally succumbed to the combined attacks of Jupiter Pluvius and Old Sol; and for the present the ice carnival is at an end. The last skating ice in this vicinity was enjoyed on the evening of the 9th inst., at the Brooklyn Rink. The rain which set in on that day lasted till the 11th, and weakened the ice considerably. The warm sun of the following two days completed the work, and on the 14th not a vestige of ice remained on the lower point in the park, while the Fifth Avenue Pond was similarly situated. The rinks are also barren of ice and the prospects of the skaters look rather dubious just now.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

The contest between E. T. Goodrich and Frank Swift for the diamond and gold medal, and the skating championship of America, which had been arranged for the evening of the 9th inst., at the Brooklyn Rink, did not take place. The weather, which as such an important element in indoor as well as outdoor sports, held good up to the day of the meeting. A rain storm, which set in on the morning of the 9th, rendered postponement necessary, however, much to the disappointment of the principals and their friends. This fact was not generally known, and as several hundred ladies and gentlemen visited the rink, an exhibition was given for their gratification. Goodrich and Swift, who were both present, appeared in their specialties, and after their performances were over the ice was thrown open to the large number of skaters present, and for an hour or two the scene was very animated. Among the many experts present we noticed the Brady Brothers, Dollard, Dixon, Nickerson, Wood and Parker, of the Brooklyn Club. The New York Club was not so largely represented as it would have been if the weather had held good. The Rogers were there, however, and so was Al. Howard, the velocipede skatist, and Jimmy Demorest, the comic chap. *Apropos* of Jimmy, an amusing incident occurred during the evening, of which he was the hero. Demorest's abilities as a comic skater coming to the ears of Mr. M. Chichester, superintendent of the rink, that gentleman procured an old suit of clothes for our hero, and proposed that he should go on the ice as a drunken man. To carry out the joke, it was determined to let no one in the secret, not even the policemen who had been detailed to preserve order on that particular evening. Accordingly, Jimmy rigged himself in a private room, got out of the window, and was let in again by the front door. Swift had just left the ice, the music had ceased, when a little stir at the lower end of the rink and several voices in angry dispute attracted attention to that direction. Presently a loaferish looking, half tipsy sort of chap tumbled on the ice, and commenced to gyrate in the most comical manner. The spectators laughed at the antics of the stranger, while others cried "Put him out!" Superintendent Chichester, who was conveniently at hand, started after the intruder, but the fellow was too spry for him, and after several ineffectual attempts to lay hands on him, which were provocative of much merriment, Chichester called on the police officers to remove him. The metropolitans advanced on the chap with an air which seemed to convey the idea that they had an easy job on hand. Demorest had, in the meantime, been "wobbling" round, part of the time in the water and again trying to preserve his balance, his movements all the time being of the most amusing character. As the over-vigilant guardians of the peace advanced with drawn clubs, Demorest dodged them very successfully, much to their chagrin. Finally, the farce having been played out, Jimmy left the ice, and, much to the surprise of the spectators and greatly to the disgust of the officers, slipped his coat and hat off and proceeded to the gentlemen's room. As he passed through the crowd and the people began to realize the fact that they had been sold, Demorest was greeted with applause. Later in the evening, when he made his appearance on the platform, our hero received many compliments for the creditable manner in which he had played his part.

It has not been definitely settled when or where the postponed trial of skill will take place. Boston is talked of, and as they have a rink there it is probable that the match will be pulled off in that city.

OUT OF TOWN GOSSIP.

The mild weather has extended all over the country, and with the exception of a few rinks in the extreme west, the sport is at a stand still. In Boston, at the commencement of last week, the rink was open, Lafayette being the attraction. Philadelphia was even worse off than the "Hub," the numerous rinks and ponds being closed all the week. At the West Side rink, Chicago, a tournament was to have commenced on the 15th, lasting one week. The Cleveland rink is open for roller skating and velocipede riding. M'lle Carrie Eugene, Miss Lida Bertram and Fanny Lamate, and Mr. W. H. Wentworth are the stars. A tournament of "Knights in Armor" is announced at the Rochester rink on the 16th. The Victoria Skating Club, of Montreal, gave a children's fancy dress entertainment at their rink on the 12th.

THE SKATORIAL ART IN PARIS.

By the appended communication it will be seen that the residents of the gay capital of La Belle France have not been altogether slighted by the Ice King, but that he has at last afforded them the opportunity of gratifying their inclinations for sports upon the frozen surface of the skating ponds. Parm Johnson appears to have carried off the honors during the festivities, his performances upon the blades quite captivating the fair spectators and eliciting the warmest commendations of the masculine frog dissecters:—

PARIS, Jan. 29th, 1869.

FRIEND CLIPPER.—As the people in America are having a fine time now that the skating season is at its height, as I have noticed by your papers, I will write a little about the skating in Paris, which we have been enjoying for the past few days. For the credit of America, the New York skaters take the palm away from all others. The weather has moderated now and the ice is no longer safe, so that, from present appearances, there will be no more skating here this winter. For the past few days the celebrated skater, Parm Johnson, of Brooklyn, has been delighting the people and nobility of Paris by his magnificent skating, and the French papers speak of him as being the greatest and most accomplished skater that ever was here. On the 25th M. Johnson was introduced to the Empress by Mrs. Moulton, of New York, who is herself a very fine skater, and after displaying his skill before her, she complimented him very highly. On the 27th of October gave another fine exhibition of his powers before the Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial and Prince Metternich, who, by the way, have skated every day, and astonished all that saw him by the great number and variety of his movements, and the ease and grace with which he executed them. Among the lady skaters I may mention as the best Mrs. Moulton, of New York, and Miss Curtiss, of Boston, and amongst the gentlemen, Mr. Westmore, a New York Club skater, Mr. Walker and Mr. Silver, of Staten Island. Believe me yours very truly, J. H. CRAIG.

A DECIDED SELL.

The Skating public of Buffalo and Rochester were the victims of a "sell" of the largest dimensions and most thorough description during the week ending Feb. 6th—a hoax of so laughable a character, however, that they could not allow their angry passions to rise against the perpetrators. It turns out that "Miss Godbout, the lady from New Brunswick," instead of being one of the "weaker vessels" was none other than the accomplished western skatist, Callie Curtis, who is now a candidate for the championship, and at the termination of the ladies' contest at the Buffalo Rink on the night of the 6th the manager removed the veil and wig from Callie, to the astonishment of the on-lookers, the majority of whom heartily enjoyed the joke, though some, with no humor in their souls, seemed disposed to find fault. To silence these grumblers and set himself right before the public, Manager Hervey published the following card in the local journals of the 8th:—

The impossibility of getting two first class lady skaters to compete in a public manner at one time, induced me to have one of our finest male professionals (Callie Curtis, the "Star of the West,") assume the role of a lady for the nonce, and it was my intention to have divulged the secret on Thursday evening, but during the contest that evening the idea suggested itself to me that I could afford you a second evening's amusement, and in the interim have the same skaters display their skill in our Rochester Rink. This being accomplished I lost no time in revealing to you the "Star of the West," and was only waiting to you for the temporary deception, conceived and carried out to amuse you. Some who were in the secret predicted that the revelation of it would be met with disapproval and this morning counseled me either to postpone the match indefinitely or to allow Miss Godbout to preserve her incognito; my disinclination to disappoint you by failing to perform what I had advertised was an insurmountable objection to the first course, and my determination to reveal the secret, both in justice to you and to add fresh zest to the entertainment, precluded the adoption of the second.

Curtis perpetrated a like sell upon the good people of Pittsburgh and vicinity last season.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.—On the 5th of January, 1791, several young pupils from the Ecole Militaire were skating on the deep moat that ran along by the Fort of Auxonne. As it struck five one of the party proceeded to take off his skates. "Don't go—one more round!" cried his companions. "No, no; I have had enough of it; besides, I am hungry, and want my dinner." After the departure of their comrade the rest continued to skate, when suddenly the ice broke, and one and all fell into the water and perished. The young man who so miraculously escaped by going off a few minutes before was none other than Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.—On the 11th a public challenge to W. H. Roberts, champion skater of Ohio, was issued by Frank Page, of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Roberts the next day published the following reply:

XENIA, February 11, 1869.

FRANK PAGE, ESQ., COLUMBUS.—I must respectfully decline to contest with you for the championship of Ohio. My business will not admit of my giving any time to contests or exhibitions in future. I therefore resign the title to you. W. H. ROBERTS.

THE UNION SKATING POND, of Cincinnati, under the control of the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, sold over thirteen hundred season tickets, at prices varying from two to twelve dollars. In view of the fact that there was less than two weeks of skating in that porky region, this was doing wonderfully well. The Buckeye grounds were thrown open to single admissions, and sold but few season tickets. Consequently the shortness of the season was greatly to their disadvantage.

RINKS.—This word, of Scottish origin, is here wrongfully applied to artificial ponds devoted to skating. The word proper ly signifies that portion of a sheet of ice on which the Scotch game of curling is played, viz.:—the two circles or tees, and the intervening course over which the stones travel. It has no possible connection with the amusement of skating, and is never applied to the ice itself, or the enclosure in which the pond may be situated. If there are many players, half a dozen "rinks" may be in operation at once, on the same pond.

CALLIE CURTIS was recently arrested upon a charge of seduction, preferred by a chambermaid at one of the Rochester, N. Y. hotels, but upon examination he proved the falsity of the charge and was acquitted.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Detroit Skating Rink, having become disheartened by the protracted spell of warm weather, have leased their establishment for the purpose of being turned into a velocipede riding school.

THE RING.

TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF O'BALDWIN.

The case of Edward O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant," charged with engaging in a prize fight with Joe Wormald, at Lynnfield, Mass., on the 29th of October last, came up for trial in the Superior Court, at Salem, on the 8th inst., before Chief Justice Brigham. District Attorney Sherman, of Lawrence, appeared for the Government, and William D. Northend, Esq., and A. A. Abbott, Esq., for the prisoner. Mr. Northend made a motion to quash the indictment, on the ground that the indictment did not allege that the appointment and agreement for the fight was made in the State of Massachusetts and within the period of six years, as prescribed by statute. The argument was supported by Mr. Abbott. The Judge, however, ruled that it did not matter when and where the agreement for the fight was made, so long as the fight took place within the jurisdiction of the State. The point was reserved and the trial proceeded. The prisoner was somewhat neatly dressed, and watched the case intently.

The first witnesses called were Police Officers Waite, Cryan and Oliver, of the Lynn Police Force, who deposed to being on duty at West Lynn between twelve and three o'clock on the morning of the 29th of October. They heard and saw a number of carriages drive past in the direction of Lynnfield. They afterward went with other officers, under City Marshal Shepherd, to Lynnfield, where they concealed themselves in a barn. There they saw a crowd of 300 or 400 gather round a ring about fifty or sixty yards from the hotel. The crowd cheered and halloed, and appeared deeply intent on what was going on. Inside the ring O'Baldwin and Wormald were fighting. They were stripped to the waist and were in fighting costume. At a signal the officers advanced upon the crowd at the "double quick." A man on a hack appeared to give the alarm by crying "gerus," and the crowd commenced running. The witnesses described the arrest of the principals. After he was locked up in the Lynn Police Station, O'Baldwin said he thought he could have fixed his man in a round or two. Wormald also made a similar remark.

Other witnesses, including Allen G. Shepherd, the City Marshal of Lynn, testified to the same effect. When the taking of the evidence had been concluded, Mr. Abbott contended that the jury must acquit the prisoner, inasmuch as the indictment charged him with engaging in a fight with Wormald, in pursuance of a previous agreement made between them. In the first place, there was no evidence before the Court that the prisoner had any fight at Lynnfield with Joseph Wormald. In all cases the witnesses had spoken of the other prisoner as "Wormald" or as "Joe," which might mean Josiah or Joseph. There was no proof that he had fought with the identical Joseph Wormald meant in the indictment. In the second place, there was no proof whatever that he fought with Wormald in pursuance of any previous agreement. If any agreement was made by backers or outsiders, that was not, he contended, sufficient to legally convict the prisoner. He, therefore, submitted that he ought, in point of law, to be acquitted.

The District Attorney, in reply, said that the very fact that the prisoner and Wormald commenced a prize fight in Massachusetts was held in law a sufficient proof that such fight was in pursuance of a previous arrangement between them. A case of this kind has been decided in the Supreme Court, where some parties came from Rhode Island, and commenced a prize fight in this State. Even if the previous arrangements were made by other parties, the law would hold the principals responsible for them. The previous arrangements between them, however, were proved, he contended, by the negotiations which had been entered into with regard to previous fights

Chief Justice Brigham, in charging the jury, said that the previous arrangement for the fight must be proved. If, however, the jury were satisfied that the previous arrangement was made by other parties who acted as the representatives of the principals, that would be as binding in law as if the arrangements were personally made by the principals themselves. Mr. Abbott submitted two exceptions, the substance of which was that a previous arrangement, made by parties other than the principals, did not bind the prisoner, and that, as the witnesses had only spoken of a "Joe Wormald," that did not prove that he had ever fought with Joseph Wormald. The jury retired to consider their verdict, and the court then adjourned. Shortly after 6 o'clock the jury, after a deliberation of about an hour and a half, returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner.

JOE WORMALD'S MOVEMENTS.

As mentioned in our issue of last week, Joe Wormald, who lately cut stick from the Hub of the Universe, leaving the confiding officials of that locality severally in the lurch, is now safely quartered in the New Dominion, where he will doubtless remain for the present. The subjoined letters relative to his movements since crossing the border will be perused with interest by our readers:—

MONTREAL, C. E., Feb. 12th, '69.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—Joe Wormald arrived in this city on the morning of Jan. 7th, and, shortly after his arrival, became the guest of the Hamail Brothers, minstrels. On the evening of the 18th of January he was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at Mechanics' Hall. It was the largest affair of the kind

THE MIRROR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Maiden, gazing at the mirror,
Tell me what it is you see
In its glassy sheen reflected;
What the face, if fair it be,
Straight into your own face looking;
Tell me whether dark and fair,
If the cheek and lips be crimson,
What the color of the hair.

Ah, I know thy wavy tresses
Glisten like the sun's pure gold;
Fairer face than thine, sweet maiden,
Never did my sight behold;
Never saw I lips more crimson,
Never cheeks of rosier hue;
Never under ivory eyelids
Eyes of softer, sweeter blue.

And the throat of marble whiteness,
Perfect in its matchless round;
Small and rosy, even faultless;
Never yet was sea-shell found
Daintier than thine ear, sweet maiden,
Peeping from thy hair's rich glow;
Or thy stainless forehead, never
Purer yet was Alpine snow.

Then, thy bosom; ah, I may not
Speak of things I do not know;
Bloom there sweetest pinks of summer,
Smiling on the vales below!
Ah, the warm, the whispered question,
Spoken low thou canst not hear—
So, 'tis well, 'twas not intended,
Maiden, for thy modest ear.

In my heart there is a mirror
Wherein you may view your face,
Every line and every feature
In its shining surface trace;
Turn your gaze within, fair maiden
It is love's own mirror, this—
In it, likewise, see reflected
All that is of earthly bliss.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere from the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern of these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly dismissed his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard to two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him, as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them.

"It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money."

But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophical calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was, at best, an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess;" another, who had gained the infelicitous title of "Mother Shipton," and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return, at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from "The Duchess," some bad language from Mother Shipton and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of "The Duchess" that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding horse, Five Spot, for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes, with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of Five Spot with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrant—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe journey. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot hills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no further, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was undoubtedly the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions, curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hands before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying the scene.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah-trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He besirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his companions on more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow; and doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the new comer, Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him:—"Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact—a giggle—he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp in company. All this The Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney—a stout, comely damsel of fifteen—emerged from behind the pine tree where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety. But he had a vague idea that the situation was not felicitous. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, "The Innocent" met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log-house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said The Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the canon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The innocent was heading forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d——d pic-nic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing fire-light and the tethered animals in the fore-ground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a parting kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke, benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But, turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sister as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustache and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mass of snow-flakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What visible object could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words—"Snowed in."

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, *sotto voce* to The Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you aint—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions.' For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who, of course, knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all*, when they find out anything," he added, significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gaiety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's coolness infected the others. The innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the re-arrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoes from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey—which he had prudently *cached*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cached* his cards with the whiskey as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "did n't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordeon, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by The Innocent on a pair of bone castinets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it to speedily infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in his army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to The Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep."

"Doing what?" asked Tom.

"Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck—nigger luck—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irreverence—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came and the sun, looking through the white curtained valley, saw the outcast's divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut; a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvellously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose, miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness, hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and ingenious theory of the pair to thus account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordeon rose and fell in fitful spasms and long drawn gasps by the flickering camp fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to indulge their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenuous translation of the Iliad. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demi-gods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the canon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash. Heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So, with small food and much of Homer and the accordeon, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snow flakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them closed the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it. Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordeon and bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow Mr. Oakhurst took The Innocent aside and showed him a pair of snow shoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too," said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the canon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she bid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess' waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney and broke the silence of many hours. "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled, as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon, through the rifted clouds, looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told, from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was the one that had sinned. Even the Law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:—

BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST,
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER, 1850,
AND
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850.

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow, lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.—*The Overland Monthly.*

AN INQUEST ON A CAMEL.—In St. Louis a post mortem examination has been held on one of the camels that died recently in that city. The fact awakened the scientific curiosity of Dr. Louis, who visited the Montfaucon boneyard, and who thus describes his impressions:—"Among other discoveries, I found that in this animal, as in other ruminants, there are only four stomachs, instead of five, as asserted by Buffon. But I found that in the interior of the rumen there existed a considerable quantity of cells, of the average size of a hen's egg, set as close together as the cells of a honeycomb And it seems much more likely that these numerous cells should form the true reservoir containing an eight days provision of water than a supposed reservoir of the capacity of ten or twelve gallons, which would derange the centre of gravity of the animal according to its fullness, especially when he is loaded with a heavy, voluminous burden, which has to remain on his back for several days."

ROSSINI AS A TRIGGER-NOMITOR.—Many years ago Rossini joined a shooting party at the late Lord Kinnaird's, in Norfolk. After dinner, when the score of slaughtered game was brought in, the number was found deficient, when Rossini exclaimed that the results of *his chasse* were *enfant* in his portmanteau; that he had got a very curious bird. He did not know the name, but it was one of those *vie mangiano gli uccelli*. Even body present thought Rossini must mean a hawk, but on the portmanteau being produced search made, the bird proved to be a hen pheasant; the killing of hens being strictly forbidden by their owner. With the hen pheasant were hares and rabbits. Rossini, taking up one of the latter by the ears, exclaimed, *Ecci en un terrible combat avec ce lapin*." The great musician was certainly better qualified to enjoy game on the table than to do credit to a "hot corner" as a good sportsman.

CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS MATCH.—A match of tennis was commenced on Jan. 11th at Tompkins' Court, Brighton, Eng., between the two champions, J. M. Heathcote, an amateur, and E. Tompkins, of Oxford. The match was the best of nine sets, Mr. Heathcote receiving ⅙ 15. On the 11th, Mr. Tompkins won two sets to one. The play was finely beautiful on both sides, each game being so well contested that the three sets took two hours and a half to play, the average time for the same being one hour and a half. On the 13th, the match was continued, the result being the same as on the first day, Tompkins again winning two sets to one, and the play being equally as good as on the first day. Play was resumed on the 15th, when Tompkins won the *first* set, a very exciting one, which concluded a sharply contested and brilliantly played match in his favor.

MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY ROBERT DELANCEY.

I gaze upon those time dimm'd, loving eyes,
I still behold that dear though fading cheek;
My thoughts flee back, my heart is choked with sighs;
And tears their entrance through mine eyelids seek.

My thoughts flee back, yea, to a far-off day;
I see again the contour of that face—
Behold it lit with youth and beauty's ray,
And seated on it all of girlhood's grace.

And did those eyes once sparkle with the light
Of youthful mirth—of childhood's thoughtless glee;
Were they, from Time's inexorable blight
And heaviness of care and sorrow, free?

Again I gaze upon that cherished form,
That darling head now faintly tinged with grey;
That bosom, where affection still glows warm—
I gaze; and for God's blessing on them pray!

'Twas she who through my earlier, better years,
Watched, guided, nursed, blessed, prayed and wept for me,
Taught me the right—allayed my childish fears,
And soothed my fancied woes and misery.

And now in this, my later, reckless life—
A sinful votary at a worldly shrine—
I still am blessed, midst a seeming strife,
In having yet a mother's love divine!

O, Time and Care, deal gently with her now,
Like her I never more shall know another,—
O stay, withhold thy furrows from her brow;
Not for myself I plead, but spare my mother!

CARBONDALE, PA., Dec. 1869.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 43.—The British Fillibusters.

Although originally the expression, fillibuster, was limited to the band of patriots leagued for the extension of the area of freedom, and for the development of manifest destiny on this continent generally, the military exigencies of Great Britain afforded a glorious opportunity, during the prolonged Crimean campaign, for a knot of these restless scribes to enter the service of their swords, despite their acknowledged republican proclivities, in favor of Her Britannic Majesty. That the affair terminated in a ludicrous *fiasco*, conveying a couple of blundering Teutons to the verge of a penal incarceration, was not the fault of the experienced fillibuster chiefs tendering their persons and lives in good faith, but this disastrous result could be attributed directly to the obtuseness and obstinacy of the leading officials of foreign origin, assuming direction of the trans-Atlantic contingent for the legionary expedition.

It may be remembered that, after the obstinate defence of Sebastopol, so frequently and grandiloquently announced in the Parisian papers to have fallen beneath the allied prowess, a brilliant idea was suggested to the English authorities to enlist a body of mercenaries, to be drawn mainly from the petty German States, to be designated as the Foreign Legion, and organized after the manner of that famous Algerian *corps*, to which the political sagacity of France commits a good share of its extra territorial warfare. The French Foreign Legion was, however, composed of far different material than the Teutonic element at the disposal of the principalities upon whom the English relied to supply food for powder, inasmuch as the Legionaries of Algeria were recruited mainly from the class of foreigners thronging the French cities, who, through being in a state of perpetual poverty and a comparative annoyance to the police officials, were ever ready to jeopardize life and limb to earn a good, round sum, for the remittance of government surveillance. These men of the Legion became and remained soldiers from no free choice, but through sheer desperation in circumstances, accimating themselves beneath a foreign standard to live or die as the hopelessness of their condition imposed, far away from homes, to them forever forfeited through indiscretion in their earlier acts.

The experiment of enlisting Germans on their own soil, although the numerous revolutions during the battle year of 1848 had unsettled and disturbed the population, and with the use of arms, proving a signal failure in the hands of British emissaries unaccustomed to the tone and temper of those populations, it was suggested by some far seeing mortal that the diplomatic agents upon this hemisphere could be profitably employed in swelling the ranks of the ambitious mercenaries from the vast material with which political persecutions abroad had supplied the Great Republic. Consequently, the recruitment of the legionaries was transferred to this side of the ocean, the supervision of an unscrupulous and enterprising man possessing the advantage of being born upon this continent and accustomed to commingle, from early youth, with the keenest of down east Yankees.

The Hon. Joseph Howe, a Nova Scotian, and regarded by his constituents in his natal locality as among the more lynx eyed of thorough-bred bluenoses, appeared among us as a sort of secret commissioner to augment the numerical strength of his monarch's foreign battalions. The honorable emissary, having previously raised himself to an exalted position among the Acadians, now aspired to soar above the perpetual fogs obscuring the political sphere of Halifax and to assume a leading position among patriotic Britons upon the mother country's soil, who, in common gratitude for their salvation, would naturally reward him with a title, with a coronet, perchance with a baronetcy, at the lowest estimation. No fillibuster, even the most desperate contestant for the area of freedom, could be greeted with a more brilliant vision of glory; so favored with his sovereign's sanction, the Hon. Mr. Howe announced himself as authorized to effect arrangements to raise any amount of heroes, who, upon serving beneath the flag of St. George, would glean a certain harvest of material gold coin, and an immaterial assortment of glory.

Mr. Howe, like all other great men, was afflicted with a personal weakness; "he," as he was assured by a practical fillibuster, "knew too much," and this over burden of knowledge assuredly proved the cause of his own misfortunes and of the ultimate disgrace of his diplomatic associates. Upon his arrival in the city Howe was waited upon by a committee of disbanded volunteers, of Lone tar dignitaries, and of free swords of undoubted reputation, who offered to supply him with any number of able bodied emigrants, willing to plough the fields of the Crimea, or any other Russian territory, upon very reasonable terms. The projectors of the scheme were willing to bind themselves that their emigrants should be native Americans, notwithstanding the fact that the sympathies of that class of people ran at the time strongly in favor of a Russian triumph. But Mr. Howe did not want emigrants, but soldiers, and, through being a legitimate blue-nose, entertained a decided prejudice against encouragement of Americans as a fighting element in any section of the world.

The fillibusters insinuated that the word emigrant in their vocabulary designated an entirely different individual from those peaceful gentlemen, whose exode would be countenanced by neutrality laws, which they avowed should be habitually respected as among the most ingenious contrivances of legislative wisdom. But Mr. Howe cared nothing for neutrality laws, especially as interpreted by law abiding fillibusters; he had the opinions of barons of the Queen's Bench, of the law officers of the crown, and, above all, he possessed the commission of his government to perform acts which he knew to be perfectly legal. However, his would be advisers could not perceive themselves as clothed with similar diplomatic immunities and dignities, and, as many of them had previously experienced the hospitality of the Eldridge Street Jail and entertained no very complimentary opinion as to the style in which that very expensive hotel had been conducted, they simply remarked that British law officers might be mistaken on points of American construction and there very wisely left the Honorable Joseph to work out his own destiny.

There is little doubt but had the proposition of the disbanded fillibusters, a number of whom have since acquired merited military reputations, been met with the favor it undeniably deserved, the entire organization of European infantry regiments would have undergone a change years ago. The American battalion, nominally attached to the Foreign Legion, proposed to be armed with breech loading rifles and repeating small arms, both at the time comparatively unknown to Europe, but thoroughly tested by our native sharp-shooters. As the numbers of the battalion would have been necessarily limited, its projectors suggested that, though the adoption of superior and rapidly firing implements, handled by men previously trained to their use, its efficiency could be augmented, so as to render it the most reliable body of men which England could place in the field. But, as the American battalion refused to accept any other officer than their own choice, besides rejecting all idea of the Martinet discipline of the British army, its enrolment became an impossibility, although the organization was tendered by practical men, well versed in previous campaigning, in full candor and good faith.

The honorable Mr. Howe, cutting adrift from American canons, entertained no design of leaving the ranks of the Legion unfilled, so, taking under his wing a couple of German advisers, he issued a manifesto to the Teutons of our metropolis, promising all volunteers previously holding European commissions corresponding rank in her Majesty's service. Locating his general headquarters at Delmonico's, opposite the Bowling Green, the commissioner subsidized some hundred lager beer saloons, chiefly on the east side of the town, to serve as recruiting depots. The organization was immediately successful, a tornado of enthusiasm, which lasted, unfortunately, only as long as the froth upon the lager, gratuitously distributed, wherein the new born retainers of the crown could drink the health of Her Gracious Majesty. The first day's work resulted in astounding effects, inasmuch as the promise of corresponding rank had done its duty, and the grand recruiter, before nightfall, found himself in possession of three generals, thirty odd colonels, as many majors, with captains, subalterns, other small fry by the hundreds, who crowded the door-steps, the hall-ways, dining-rooms and even bed-chambers of Delmonico's, in an eager hunt after the dignitary charged with the duty of allotting this immense array of commanders to a modest group of less than a dozen dilapidated individuals possessing nerve adequate to the martyrdom of avowing themselves privates.

Even the astute Mr. Howe was thunderstruck at his own handiwork, as detachment after detachment of accredited veterans, speaking all manner of tongues and decked in all sorts of mail garbs, Hungarians, Holsteiners, Italians, Badenites and the forlorn hope of Europe generally swarmed around the approaches to his improvised citadel. For several hours the royal commissioner stood the brunt of the invasion manfully, until, finding the would be legionaries increasing in such force as to require the presence of a squad of policemen to restrain their ardor within bounds of decorum, the honorable Joseph realized the story of Frankenstein, and to prevent physical destruction by the monster of his creation, instinctively fled from the presence of his intended glory. Finding themselves deserted by their avowed chief, the ire of the Teutons, many of whom had loitered around the hotel railings for hours in a state of nervous expectancy, got the better of their ambitious ardor, so, after hurling sonorous anathemas in the direction taken by their presumptive betrayer, the more violent of the disappointed heroes instituted manifestations of a desire to assail the furniture of his temporary residence. But upon they reckoned without their host, or rather without consideration of the host, minister of that inviolable domain. The first act of violence against his property brought the equally irate Delmonico into the field, who, at the head of a battalion of cooks, turnspits, waiters, boarders and barkeepers, made one charge more decisive than that historical prodigy of Waterloo, before which the invading legionaries were swept from every quarter of this inviolated domain, and leaped with their grievances far into the middle of the adjacent thoroughfare.

If the honorable Mr. Howe had reckoned upon the pliability of our German recruits, he omitted consideration of the fact of our German rank and file possessing a very decent sized population of decidedly Hibernian origin, tutored to an aversion against any scheme which might accrue to the advantage of Great Britain, be its merits as it may. A number of these Celtic citizens conceived that they saw—on a small scale, it is true—in the emissary's discomfiture, and the defeat of his enlisting scheme, a glimpse of "Ireland's opportunity," which they would the more particularly relish could they compass the apprehension of that redoubtable personage and secure his consignment to our native shores. In the attempted accomplishment of this design, the Hibernians generally were materially aided by the stupidity of one officer of the legion and the downright treachery of another of that body.

The honorable Mr. Howe, having become thoroughly convinced that the practical fillibusters understood the interpretation of the neutrality laws far more soundly than the theoretical lawyers of a royal crown, and, alarmed that he had committed in full daylight a series of overt acts, rendering him personally liable to punishment, found it convenient, upon receiving intimation of the Celtic conspiration, to vacate his dangerous commission and to depart from our shores, leaving, however, his unfinished business in the hands of less honorable agents, of still less knowledge and infinitely more sagacity than his humiliated self. Notwithstanding the commissioner's sad experience, neither the diplomats at Washington nor the governor of Nova Scotia despaired of ultimate success in an enterprise to which they were loyally obligated, as they attributed the failure of the first steps solely to the pomposity and vanity of a solitary individual, a conceited blue nose colonist, while they themselves were native Britishers, and consequently competent for any task requisite for their nation's interests. And in this view they were strengthened by the arrival at Halifax of a handful of God-forsaken recruits, and a bevy of emigrant speculators, professing themselves willing and able to perform anything and everything provided they could handle British gold.

Among the speculators penetrating into the governor's audience chamber at Halifax was an adventurer by the name of Lewis E. Grant, a tall, well featured and plausible individual, ostensibly, while a resident hereabout, a clerk in a large wholesale establishment, but in reality one of those genii of the Didier order, preferring to live upon their wits rather than to disgracing their dainty hands with manual labor. He had penetrated into the fillibuster societies through representation of having been an officer in the East Indis Company's service, but, upon its being discovered that his grade, like that unto the famous Major McAlpine, was of his own fabrication, Lieut. Grant was discarded by the Lone Star fraternity, but not before he had contrived to glean an inkling as to the manner in which these worthies concocted martial expeditions. Possessed of this knowledge, Grant beheld a brilliant opportunity for operating upon the credulity of the British agents, and, through his suavity and egotistical demeanor combined, persuaded the Halifax officials to promise him a commission in the Legion, as well as the advance of monies for the supplying of recruits. Furnished ample credentials, the speculative gentleman returned to this city and put himself in communication with the various agents, who conceived themselves interested in the great legionary scheme.

Grant had more military genius than the British officials engaged in the same line of business, for the first thing he decided upon was to secure transportation, which he did through charter of a coasting vessel, for he was well aware that once entrapped and upon the high seas, a desperate man will acquiesce in almost any feasible proposition. His next idea was to catch the promised men, and, to accomplish this purpose, he hired an office in Gilsey's Building, hanging out a sign—"emigration agent." In this character the speculative Grant patiently waited an entire week before an individual, afflicted with a desire to expatriate himself, came to his rescue, and entrapped and upon the high seas, a desperate man will acquiesce in almost any feasible proposition. His next idea was to catch the promised men, and, to accomplish this purpose, he hired an office in Gilsey's Building, hanging out a sign—"emigration agent." In this character the speculative Grant patiently waited an entire week before an individual, afflicted with a desire to expatriate himself, came to his rescue, and even that solitary being proved an unwelcome visitor. The fellow chanced to be a deserter from the British army, and hence when Grant expatiated upon the brilliancy of a military career beneath the standard of St. George, the emigrant grew indignant and threatened personal chastisement.

This first adventure taught the speculator a salutary lesson, and he resolved for the future to keep a closed mouth upon the subject of his emigrant's intended destiny. Next, on the suggestion of an English friend, he inserted an advertisement in the *Sun*:—"3,000 laborers wanted to work upon a railroad and canal." The way relished the joke, when, on the morrow, he found Gilsey's building and the side walk in front of it crowded to repletion with stalwart laboring men of the true Celtic origin; but Grant, noting the imposition, resolved to take full advantage of the concourse. Hence, selecting some couple of hundred of those willing to operate for the internal improvement of Nova Scotia, he quietly consigned them to expectant authorities in Halifax in his coaster, while he in person traveled with lightning speed to anticipate their arrival and to gather in the bounty money promised him.

Grant made a ten strike through his ingenuity, becoming a lion of the garrison, who were naturally incredulous as to the rapidity with which he had gathered his recruits. The vessel, however, arrived and landed its animated cargo upon one of the Islands in the Halifax harbor assigned for reception of trans-Atlantic legionaries; the delighted governor invited Grant to dine on the next day, assured him of his commission as captain, and ordered the promised bounty to be paid over immediately. Grant, as in duty bound, gratefully accepted all three marks of gubernatorial gratitude, but, having urgent business elsewhere, he departed over night, taking the coin, but magnanimously leaving the dinner and commission for the enjoyment of others. But this magnanimity by some might be taken for prudence, inasmuch as on the succeeding morning, upon making the rounds of the quarters of the muttering officer, the entire body of presumed recruits revolted, and, declaiming against the deception practiced upon them, demanded either employment or re-transhipment to the point whence they had been allured.

Notwithstanding the abdication of the Honorable Howe and the experiment of Lieut. Grant, the presence of several European officers, legitimately attached to the Legion, induced the migration of small bodies of recruits until the attention of the United States governments was officially called to this gross viol

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is wine like a pig's tooth?—When 'tis in a hogs-head.

WHEN does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

WHAT did the spider do when he came out of the ark?—He took a fly, and went home.

WHY is Ireland like a bottle of wine?—Because it has a Cork in it.

WHY is the letter E like the end of time?—Because it the is beginning of eternity.

WHY does the bridegroom always put on the ring at a wedding?—Because bell (e)s cannot ring themselves.

A MATRIMONIAL CON.—Why is the bridegroom worth more than the bride?—Because she is given away, and he is sold.

WHAT is the difference between charity and a tailor?—The first covers a multitude of sins; the second, a multitude of sinners.

BREVITIES.

HE who wishes to rest must work.

SLOTH is the key to let in beggary.

THE APPROPRIATION CLAWS.—A pickpocket's fingers.

MEN, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

EVERY point of thought is the centre of an intellectual world.

WHAT a pity, that common sense, for want of use, should have become uncommon.

LAWS are like grapes, that being too much pressed, yield a hard and unwholesome wine.

Six of one and half a dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.

"WELL, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir, you generally expanded them."

"MY tale is ended," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bullfrog.

LITTLE girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

MOST kinds of roots and bark are now used as medicines, except the cube root and the bark of a dog.

ACCORDING to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

WEEP for love, but not for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.

NO man is always wrong; a clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

HE who does not give until the request has been made of him, gives too late.

WE are always complaining that our days are few, but acting as though there would be no end to them.

HE who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

HE submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

INSTEAD of regretting that we are sometimes deceived, we should rather lament that we are ever undeceived.

WHATEVER you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

YOU had better learn to conquer your own will than strive to obtain the mastery of that of others.

IT is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

SUFFER not your spirit to be subdued by misfortune; but, on the contrary, steer right onwards, with a courage greater than your face seems to allow.

CONSIDERATE.—It is said that some mothers have grown so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

"WELL, now, Mr. *Tree*, if you're going to *leave*, I shall detain your *trunk*," said an incensed landlord to a guest who was in arrears.

"MY dear," said a cross-grained husband to his long-suffering wife, "do you intend to make a fool of me?"—"No, my love; nature has saved me that trouble."

IT is as wrong to judge of a man's character from that of his acquaintances as it is to judge a woman's from the choice she makes of a husband.

ANGUISH of mind has driven thousands to suicide—anguish of body few. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more importance than the health of the body.

IN general, that man is a coward who shapes his course of action by his fears; and he alone is a man of real courage who dares to do right.

MERRY MOMENTS.

PROPERLY NAMED.—The boy who was born in a horse car, they named Os-Car. The girl who had the same birthplace was christened Car-ry.

A BAD APPETITE.—"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the *trencher*, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

MOONSHINE.—Somebody has given utterance to the following scrap of philosophy, which, if it be not good, is, at least, cool:—"The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and silver in the moon as anybody."

PAT'S CONFESSION.—"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

AN ELECTRICAL JOKE.—An Illinois paper says that a flash of lightning lately entered a schoolhouse in that State, and tore a pair of boots from a boy's feet and hurled them at the head of the master, to the great delight of the unterrified young "suckers."

GOOD ADVICE.—Good advice is never out of season. He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house. Watering plants with the rinsings of the milk pails makes them grow finely. Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved, waste of health seldom, but waste of time never.

USEFUL ADVICE.—A transcendental preacher took for his text—"Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the church: "A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

A DERIVATION.—The common phrase of "giving a person a good hiding" is as old as the foundation of Carthage. Dido paid for as much land as could be bound by the hide of an ox. She cut the hide into thin strips, when it circumscribed the extensive limits of the native. The natives, taken in by this bait, acknowledged themselves beaten—hence the phrase in question.

EXPEDITIOUS.—A bricklayer, who was working at the top of a house, happened to fall through the rafters, and not being hurt, he bounced up and cried, with a triumphant tone, to his fellow laborers, "I defy any man to go *through his work* as quickly as I did."

A DOUBTFUL EULOGIUM.—An old Aberdeen laird's wife, when other ladies were enriching the tea table with broad descriptions of the vices of their several spouses, said her own "was just a guid, weel-tempered, couthy, quiet, innocent, daidling, drunken body, wi' nae ill practices about him ava."

TOLD HIM SO.—A country girl, coming from the fields, being told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said:—"Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in the town would find it out."

A SLEEPY GUEST.—Malherbe dined one day with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher; dinner was scarce over before the poet fell asleep, but was awakened by the prelate, and asked to go with him to church where he was to preach; he begged to be excused, saying, "He could sleep very well where he was."

FOYDY AGAIN.—Two Irishmen on a certain occasion occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other:—"Dennis, did you hear the thunder?" "No, Pat; did it really thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if Divven and earth would come together." "Why, in the divil, then, didn't ye wake me? for ye know I can't slape when it thunders."

SHTOP DER MAN.—A young man rushed through the streets of Toledo, Ohio, the other day, followed by a very excited German. The latter was shouting as he ran: "Bolees, bolees, shtop der man; he ish going mit der reever, and der ice under, for to suicide commits." Several citizens joined in the chase, and the fugitive was captured just in time to prevent him from leaping into the half frozen river.

A DESCRIPTIVE ADDRESS.—A letter bearing the following superscription was recently received at the Silver City post office, from Iowa:—

"Augustus Jones, a web foot scrub,
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping cordwood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho."

CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—A late court a man and his wife brought cross actions, each charging the other with having committed assault and battery. On investigation it appeared that the husband had pushed the door against the wife, and the wife, in turn, pushed the door against her husband. A gentleman of the bar remarked "he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife acting each other."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A youth, who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to "pop the question." On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old gentleman replied passionately:—"Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh, yes," said the bashful lover, "you married *mother*, but I've got to marry a *strange girl*!"

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—'Hallos, boy, did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?" "A rabbit!" "Yes, be quick; a rabbit." "Was it a kinder grey varmint?" "Yes, yes." "A longish cretur with a short tail?" "Yes, be quick, or he'll gain his burrow." "Had it long legs behind and big ears?" "Yes, yes." "And sorter jumps when it runs." "Yes." "Well, I haint seen no such cretur about here."

LITTLE THINGS.—Little things are of wondrous importance. They are the last links in a long chain of effects, or the first in a long chain of causes, or they are both. They make the sum of human things. They tear a man's character every hour in the day, and, as the jutting and curving of the bank regulates a river's flow, so do they, directly or indirectly, determine the entire course of our existence for good or evil, brilliant or obscure.

WOMAN'S FIRMNESS OF OPINION.—A wife, let her assert against her husband what she will, and argue as she will, the husband is not at all in the condition to refute or conquer. For when he thinks to hold her fast by a chain of reasoning, it is very much as when he attempts to draw up to himself a ball of yarn by one of its threads. He will get more and more thread in his hands, but the ball will roll about, and still remain upon the earth.

HAD WE NOT BETTER SHOUT VIVE L' EMPIRE IN NEW YORK?—*Charivari's* tells a funny story of a man in France who was attacked by four or five robbers, while returning to his home at night. A bright idea flashed upon him, and he began shouting, "Vive la Republique!" Instantly the police gathered from all quarters, the robbers dropped their plunder and fled, the shouter was seized, of course, but on making explanations, was allowed to depart. The Empire is peace.

A CAPE COD ROMANCE.

Two lovers stood upon the shore
Of Massachusetts Bay,
Bidding a sad farewell before
Seth tore himself away.

"I'll marry you when I come back,
My Sally Ann," says he:
And then he took a little smack,
And went away to sea.

HAPPINESS AND UNHAPPINESS.—The misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily. In all but the singularly fortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of man's life are easily counted and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the diagnose of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN.—The picture reached us safely, and you have our heartiest thanks therefor.

H. D. SMITH, Jackson, Mich.—Thank you for the games; you may expect a selection in the CLIPPER.

C. N. CRACKER, Buffalo.—Mr. Porter *does* solve his last in 6 moves, but by a process very different from what you imagine. Many of the most beautiful problems extant become mere puerilities if you take a move for their solution in addition to the stipulated number. "The reason so many things are unknown is that they have never been found out," as you'll appreciate when you've solved the little Enigmas in question. Now, Mr. "Nut Cracker," oil up your hinge, polish your main spring, put on the elbow grease, *alias* "mental chemicals," and if you can't crack these, and other Chess Nuts, say so, without any hints about "inexactitude," and we'll gladly help you. Our Enigmas are copied problems; Problems our original contributions.

DR. N. C. REID, Philadelphia.—Thanks for kind remembrance; the address you require is 'Miron, Campton Vill., N. H."

WM. H. LYONS.—Dr. R. says:—"Mr. L.'s correction of Prob. 655 is O. K., but it might be further improved by removing the dead wood at White K R 3d. I cannot conceive its use, as it is not needed in the solution, and does not prevent the 21 solution. *Addendum.*—If all the White P's are removed (except that at K R 5) White can mate in 3 moves, with either Q or Kt, at pleasure."

PROBLEM GOURMANDS.—That last pair of Brown's has shut your mouths for a spell or two, eh?

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XI.

BY GEO. B. CARPENTER.

Addenda et Corrigenda.

PROBLEM No. II.

In this I find I have slightly erred, I presume in transcribing my notes. I branched off too soon; this is the flaw:—In Var. (A) White may play 3..Q × Kt, *as well as the move given.* All, then, that is necessary to make my criticism correct, is to read 3..Q × Kt, *instead of* 2..B-Q B 4 +.

NEXT, of importance, "*practical analysis*," in an early No., should have been *practiced analysis.*

PROBLEM NO. VII.

In reply to 1..R to Q Kt 2d, White has but one move, viz., 2..Q to K Kt 4th.

PROBLEM NO. XIII.

I am sorry to be compelled to state that the note on this problem reads wrong, and is different from what I sent you. It should be—"because White may play either Q × B, *or* Q × P, if Black play 2..K to his 4th.

PROBLEM NO. XV.

I stated that "in the Book of the Cong., '62," there is a Black P at K Kt 6. So far, so good; but I continued:—"Its omission is necessary, as White cannot mate with a P on that sq." This last statement will have to be omitted, as White *can* mate in 4, with the P so situated. But as the position is given in "B. of C., '62," there is another Var., as follows:—If B sack 1..P × Kt; 2..Kt to Q B 5, B to K B sq., B to K B 3, R to Q Kt 2 or Kt to K B 4th, and White mates readily in the stipulated number of moves; but in every case, except one, the sub-variations thus arising are defective.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHESS PROGRESSING.—We have never, since our connection with the game, seen so many proofs of the sound, reliable progress of our intellectual pastime among those it is most calculated to benefit. The Morphy *furore* left a reaction of evil as well as good influences; but it was needed to break the ice—now for healthy progress.

Enigma No. 663.

From American Chess Nuts.

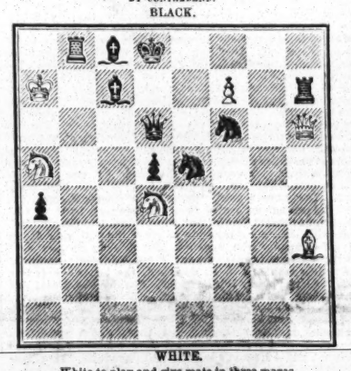
BY S. LOYD.

White to retract his last move, and then give mate in one move.

Problem No. 663.

BY CONTRABAND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 663.

Partie in the B. C. A.'s consultation Tourney; Herr Steinitz and Mr. Blackburne vs the Rev. G. A. McDonnell and Mr. De Vere.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack. S. and B.	Defence. Mr. D. and de V.	Attack. S. and B.	Defence. Mr. B. and de V.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	17..Kt × P +	K to his B sq
2..Q Kt-B 3	P-K 3	18..Q-K R 5	Q × Q
3..P-K Kt 3	Q Kt-B 3	19..K Kt × Q	B Kt t 5
4..K B-Kt 2	P-Q R 3	20..Kt-his 3	P-K R 4
5..K Kt-K 2	Q Kt-Q 5	21..P-K R 3	Q B-Q 4
6..P-Q 3	P-K 4	22..K-his R 2	Q R-K sq
7..Q Kt-Q 5	K Kt-K 2	23..K B-his 3	K R-K 3
8..Q Kt-K 3	P-Q 3	24..Kt × R P	Q R-K 2
9..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-K 3	25..P-K B 5	Q R-R 2
10..P-K B 4	K P × P	26..Kt-K B 4	Q B-K sq
11..Kt P × P	K Kt-B 3	27..K B-Kt 2	K B-K 4
12..Castles	K B-K 2	28..P-Q 4	B P × P
13..K Kt-his 3	K B-his 3	29..B P × P	K Kt-Q 2
14..Q Kt-Q 5	Q Kt-B 2	30..Kt-K 6 +	Q Kt × Kt
15..Q Kt × B	Q × Q Kt	31..B P × Kt	Kt-Kt 3
16..K Kt-B 5	Q-K R 5	32..Q B-Kt 5, and wins.	

Comical comments concocted and contributed by "Contraband":—

"You have heard of our cousins t'other side of the water? Truly, they are in earnest, the many tournaments and consultations reminding us of chivalry and the middle ages. Messrs. Cecil De Vere and M'Donnell, with their P to Q B 4, fared very badly, were beaten very evenly, and, we must admit, very deservedly, by Messrs. Steinitz and Blackburne. Now do you know, venerable sage, this is a large crow and we must pick it.

From the very commencement the first-named party had but one object to defend, but what, we are unable to discover. The Attack, during 8 moves, gained nothing, and the Defence shaped their course gradually to coincide with them. Attack now retreated, Defence lost time by unnecessary small play; again they are attacked, then *they* attack, then the enemy retreats, and so these warriors during the 2d quarter of the game, like children, having built a paltry fortress full of bombast, sally out, throw a few harmless snow balls, and as suddenly retreat again. In the 3d quarter the useless fortifications of P's and Kt's were flanked on both sides, with some loss to both; the Q's, also, ungracefully retiring, leaving the field open for De V. & Co. to make some stupid moves, which left them exposed on all sides. To protect his majesty, as well as threaten the enemy, the R's were gathered round K B, but this only closed the trap. The Attack now cautiously drew Kt to K B 4, protecting R P and commanding K 5, the very citadel of the Defence. And now the defending Kt's were undoubtedly dismayed at the position of their army. Yet the enemy had built up no powerful fortification, no terrible battering ram—they had simply placed a *monitor* in line. On carefully looking over the contending armies we find that the Defence allowed some very favorable opportunities to go for nought. At the 15th move, when they allowed K B to be exchanged for Kt, the first redout had fallen; in fact, the attack had aimed at the core and found it not true. Certainly the Defence could not have comprehended the latter part of the Attack's play, and after the ch. at K 6, and being put in chancery by Q B, they resigned—they ought to have done so before. Had the Defence castled with Q K after Attack had their game arranged, the first half of S. & B.'s manœuvres would have gone for nought. The blocking up of both B's and the Q during the 1st quarter, and the establishing of an untenable position of P's and Kt at the centre, were so much time and so many opportunities lost. Cecil De Vere is an excellent Kt, but this last game is not at all on a par with his great reputation.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 45.—Vol. XVI.

"OLD FOURTEENTH."

Lately played between Wilton and "Scotty."

Black. Wilton.	White. Scotty.	Black. Wilton.	White. Scotty.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	10..8 to 7	21 to 17
2..8 11	22 17	11..14 21	25 14
3..4 8	17 13	12..18 23	27 11
4..15 18	24 20	13..10 26	30 23
5..11 15	28 24	14..7 14(c)	25 22
6..8 11	26 25	15..16 19	24 15
7..9 14	31 26	16..9 5	13 6
8..11 16(a)	20 11	17..1 26, and wins.	
9..7 16	26 22(b)		

(a) This move disconcerted "Scotty." (b) Which fully appeared by this one. (c) Fine play.

Solution of Position No. 86.—Vol. XVI.

BY C. W. FLOWER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..14 to 10	2 to 9	4..12 to 8	25 to 18
2..15 12	19 10	5..8 24, and wins.	
3..18 23	28 19		

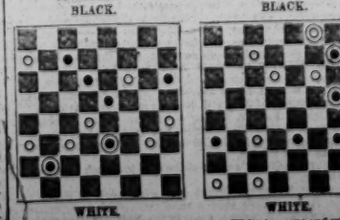
Solution of Position No. 87.—Vol. XVI.

BY W. B. MULLOW.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..9 to 14	10 to 17	4..12 to 16	11 to 20
2..19 15	11 18	5..27 32, and wins.	
3..3 7	24 11		

Position No. 88.—Vol. 16. Position No. 89.—Vol. 16.

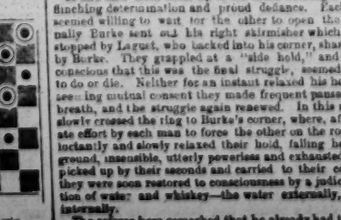
BY EDWARD. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY J. D. FROST. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE RING.

DRAW FIGHT IN THE WESTERN WILDS

BETWEEN

Mike Burke, an Irishman, and Fred Laguet, a Half-Breed.

THEY BATTLE FOR THE HAND OF A DUSKY MAID.

THE QUESTION REMAINS UNDECIDED.

A deal of excitement was created among the mixed dwellers in the pineries above Chen-Watana, Minn., by an encounter, inaugurated and conducted in every respect, as far as practicable, according to the rules of the P. R., which recently transpired in that woody section. For a long time prior a bitter rivalry had existed between two choppers who worked at a camp on the Totogatick river, a dusky forest maiden, known as the "Queen of Sunrise," whose flashing eye and graceful form had smashed both their hearts, being the cause; and as it has ever been since the days of Troy, and doubtless will continue to be until the dawn of the millenium, the smashing of hearts often leads to the smashing of heads. The combatants were a stalwart son of Erin, rejoicing in the historic name of Burke—front name Michael—and a "broth of a boy" is he, in faith; stands six feet in his moccasins, weighs 180 pounds, of compact build, and with great powers of endurance; has been a "sailor of the sea," for several years, and worked as a chopper in the pineries, in the Canadas and the United States, for five or six years past. His rival and antagonist is a Chippewa half-breed, named Fred. Laguet, six feet two inches high, spare, very muscular, and weighs 195 pounds. They both love this Indian girl, who lives with her mother in a comfortable cabin not far from the camp. Her mother is a genuine Chippewa squaw of the "Old Biets" style of beauty. Her reputed father is a well known lumber operator in the St. Croix valley, and the girl is said to inherit in many respects the comeliness of the Anglo Saxon, while still retaining many of the strong characteristics of the children of the forest. Both of these men were assiduous in their attentions to the family, bestowing favors liberally upon both members of the household, but the stolid mother never evinced by word or sign which of the twain she preferred as a son-in-law; and the no less stolid daughter smiled sweetly on both, but "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, gnaw" in the hearts of her brawny rival lovers. Each knew of the other's visits to the girl's cabin, and, working in camps adjacent, they often met, and, meeting, never spoke, but scowled grim defiance and passed on, "frowning a terrible frown." One day matters came to a crisis—the ardent and impetuous Burke could no longer brook this terrible suspense. He repaired to the cabin, and with stammering tongue told the story of his passion, and claimed the hand of his dusky *inamorata*. Before he had received any reply to his demand, in stalked his rival, Laguet, with a bundle of provisions for the family. Laguet guessed in an instant the state of affairs—bitter words passed, then blows, and the two men closed in determined and deadly strife. A party of choppers, returning from their labor, happening to pass near, were attracted by the screams of the women, and rushed in and parted the combatants by main force. The whole matter was then and there talked up, and the girl again appealed to for her preference between the parties, but with more than Pagan firmness she refused to make known in any manner upon which party she proposed to lavish the wealth of her virgin affections; but only intimated that the paramount wish of her heart was to know which of her lovers was the braver man. Both men eagerly expressed a burning desire to test that question on the spot, but some of the cooler heads suggested a short delay, in which preparation could be made for a "square fight." After some parleying, this was agreed upon: the time, two weeks from that day; the spot, an open, elevated space near the junction of the Totogatick with the Nimmecoggin. James Coveo was chosen as referee, and E. G. Taylor selected by Burke as his second, while Laguet chose a brawny woodsman known as Dominique Pugh for his attendant. But little training was necessary for those hardy men, except exercises in sparring, conducted by their seconds, occupying five or six hours each day, the balance of the time being spent in their daily toil, felling the giant pines and cutting them into logs of suitable length.

Saturday, January 23d, opened beautifully. The sky was undimmed by a cloud and teeming with brilliant light. All the parties were promptly on hand at the appointed hour, nine o'clock, besides about one hundred spectators from the various camps in the vicinity. The ring was twenty-four feet square, formed of heavy ropes borrowed from the camps, and firmly fastened to stout stakes driven into the ground. Both combatants were dressed in tight buckskin pants and moccasins, closely fastened at the ankles. Above the waist, their bodies were bare. In Mike's corner his friends and backers had placed a bear's head with three eagle feathers, painted green. Fred (the half-breed) had a rude painting, representing a war club and a Sioux scalp. Bets were nearly even, small odds offered on Burke, which were quickly taken. The "Queen of Sunrise," accompanied by her mother, graced the scene with her presence, being squatted on a knoll near by, where she was able to see distinctly the progress of the fight. All things being in readiness, time was called, and the rivals placed themselves in position for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both very cautious. Some slight sparring, Burke backing into his corner, followed sharply by Laguet. Burke let out with his left, neatly parried by Laguet. Laguet followed with a heavy right hander, getting home handsomely on his antagonist's proboscis, causing the claret to flow freely. First blood for Laguet. Fred, following up his advantage, closed with Mike, throwing him heavily. Time, 5 minutes.

2. Both to time, apparently uninjured. Fred immediately let fly with his right, sending Mike to grass. First blood and knock down for Laguet. Bets two to one on Laguet.

3. Burke advanced smiling. After some light sparring, Mike got home lightly on Fred's face, doing but slight injury. Round closed with a grapple and fall; no advantage gained.

4. Burke, as he rose, did not "come from his corner," Fred's knee without help from his bottle-holder, who took him by the arm and assisted him to the score. This was a feint, and well executed. Fred, deceived by his antagonist's apparent reluctance in coming to time, struck out right and left in a terrific manner, and [redacted] confidence, firmly believing he had a soft thing. [redacted] nudged and parried, until, watching his chance [redacted] planner on Fred's left eye, sending him [redacted] mother earth.

5. Both to time. Fred's left eye swollen. Both very careful. Fred forced Mike on the ropes, administering some heavy body blows with his left. Cries of "foul" by the friends of Mike, which suddenly ceased, as Mike, recovering himself, threw his enemy to the ground with a tremendous shock. Time, 10 minutes.

6 Both came up with a defiant air. Mike opened the round with a heavy blow on Fred's nose, sending him to the opposite side of the ring, where he was carried to his corner by his seconds.

7. As they moved promptly to the score it was remarked that they looked wicked and determined, both apparently prepared to entertain company. Sparring light and cautious, Mike seemingly desirous of closing. Mike let fly his left, but, missing his blow, closed with his rival's head, the evident intention of forcing him into chancery. A dreadful struggle ensued, body blows being freely exchanged. This continued for seven or eight minutes, when they both went down, neither party claiming the round. Foul was claimed by both sides. Referee decided that the "mill" go on.

8. Both promptly to time. Burke opened the round by letting out right and left to no purpose, his adversary coming the dodge and closing with him with the evident intent of the hold, and throwing him heavily on the ground. This round was sharp and short, and the result seemed to disturb the friends of Burke, who became noisy and insolent. The referee promptly rebuked them, stating that he was there to do exact justice between the parties; that this was no "pow-wow" nor "medicine dance;" that such conduct, if persisted in, would reduce them to the level of the patrons of the London P. R.

9. Mike seemed most distressed, while his friends, anxious for success, shouted, "Go in, Mike, and finish him up;" "throw him over the ropes;" "take his scalp," &c.; while the friends of Fred tauntingly responded, "We have seen whole families 'finished up and thrown over the ropes,' it's a game that two can play at." All this time heavy hitting was going on—give and take. Fred sent a messenger which landed over Mike's left eye, sending him heavily to grass. "What do you think of the 'finishing up business' on the square, opposite Sir striker's name, the simple dot (.) is recorded, signifying a run *scored*; in the same corner of the square, opposite the third striker's name, the small figure (3d) is placed, indicating his being left on third base, and in the squares opposite the fourth and fifth strikers' names the letter K is recorded, showing them to have been put out on three strikes, and, of course, by the catcher only. It is needless to further illustrate the use of the above abreviations, as the explanation already given suffices to show the working of the system.

We now come to the method of recording how a batsman makes his base, and therein lies the pith of our present article. There are two well known systems for recording these important details, the one system being the method of short-hand abbreviations used by the cl ss of reporters who write out the full details of a match, and the system in regular vogue among the leading scorers of the country, such as Messrs. Benson, of the Athletics; Potts, of the Nationals; Delany and Monk, of the Atlantics; Schofield, of the "Haymakers;" Lush, of the Unions; Dr. Watson, of the Eckfords; Sterling, of the Stars, &c., &c., the details of which we are now about to explain and illustrate.

It is argued by some that the only correct estimate of a batsman's skill is that made up from the record of the number of times he secures his first base by "clean hits," and the total number of bases he similarly obtains, together with the number of times he is left on bases after clean hits, and the number of times he secures his first base by positive errors on the part of the fielders, or by their failure to avail themselves of fair chances for outs through errors of judgment. In regard to the record of outs and runs, as a criterion of skill, one illustration, among others, is advanced to show that it is not always reliable. For instance, a batsman hits a sharp ground ball to the outer field, on which he easily secures his first base, and also enables the base runner previously occupying it to easily secure his second. The next striker, however, by a poor hit to short stop, enables that fielder to easily pass the ball to second base and to put out the occupant of the first base by his being forced off. In this instance the batsman who has secured his base by a good hit is charged with an out, while the poor hitter has his base given him, though, of course, he is not credited with a base earned. And if a good hitter follows him he is credited with a run scored, though, by right, he ought to have been charged with an out; and he would have been had it not been the point of play to have put out the player running to second base.

This style of play has been known to occur in a match to the extent of giving a man five runs and one out, who had not earned a solitary base by a good hit, and of charging another with five outs and one run who had made his base every time by sharp hits, which no fielder could have put him out on. In regard to a short hand system of recording all the movements of the contesting nines in a match game, the full particulars of a reliable and detailed record can be found in Chadwick's "Base Ball Guide of Reference." Believing that the details of a simple method of recording bases on hits and bases on errors, by which scorers will be enabled to take down a correct record of a batsman's work during a season, and from which he can make out complete averages at the close of each season's play.

The most reliable data on which to base an estimate of a batsman's skill, is that of the record of the number of times he secures his first base by "clean hits," that is, not by errors on the part of the fielder, such as wild throws, dropped fly-balls, or palpable muffs, but by skillful batting only. In addition there is, of course, the data of the total number of bases so made; but inasmuch as scorers are apt to be mistaken in their estimate of the total bases scored on hits, this record is not as reliable as that of the number of times the first base is so made, for there is but slight chance of mistakes being made in a record of how a batsman makes his first base. We have shown by what method the record of how and by whom a player is put out can be kept, and we now present the system of scoring bases on hits.

A clean hit, giving the first base, is recorded by a mark as follows: '. A similar hit, giving the second base, by a mark thus ;; and one giving the third base, by a mark thus :. the letters h. r marking a clean home run, viz., a run scored from a ball hit to the outer field, out of the reach of the fielders.

In recording bases scored by errors in fielding we use the following abbreviations:—For wild throws we make the following mark —; for a dropped fly ball a round mark, thus—O; and for a muffed ball a mark ". Now, by the above figures a full record can be made of bases made by clean hits and also by error.

We now come to the instructions in regard to what constitutes bases on "clean hits." A base is made on a clean hit when the ball is sent from the bat out of reach of a fielder, and in such a manner as to admit of the batsman making his first, second or third base before the ball could be fielded to either base, as the case might be. For instance, the batsman makes his first base by a clean hit when the ball is sent sharply along the ground out of reach of either of the infielders, or if he sends it "safely" over their heads and yet not far enough to the outfield to enable either infielders or outfielders to get under the ball to catch him out. He also is entitled to his base on his hit if he sends a "fly" ball to the short stop or third baseman, and the ball be only partially stopped and not in time to throw it to the base; and of course he is entitled to a base on his hit if the ball be sent either over the heads of the outfielders or along the ground out of their reach. In fact, any hit ball which goes by the infielders to the outfielders from being out of reach of the former gives the batsman his base on a clean hit.

The instances in which batsmen are not entitled to bases on hits are as follows:—Firstly, when a ball from the bat is dropped by the fielder. Secondly, when, if well stopped, it be wildly thrown to the base. Thirdly, if it be muffed by the fielder. Fourthly, if it be muffed by the baseman when thrown to him; and fifthly, when the base runner, occupying any of the bases, is put out by being "forced" to vacate his base, for in this latter case any ball hit to a fielder so as to enable him to put out a base runner, who is forced to vacate his base, would have put out the striker if it had been thrown to the first base instead of to the second or third. It will be found an easy matter to record how the first base is made, so it is not difficult to estimate errors in the infield, but when we record the total number of bases secured by clean hits, far more care and judgment is required. For instance, if the batsman offer the out fielders a grand chance for a fly catch, and from lack of skill in judging the ball they either fail to catch it, let it go by them, or if they stop its progress they fail to throw it in to the right base, no base should be given to the bat in the first case, and no extra bases from the failure to stop the ball or to throw it in properly. It is only by sharp, bounding balls to the out-fielder that the second base can be made on a clean hit, and the third base can only be made on a clean hit when the ball is sent, either bounding or on the fly, out of the reach of the first fielder. Hence it will be seen that chances for making more than the first base by clean hits decrease in proportion to the number of bases the batsman tries to run, the first base being made by clean hits three times to the second's once, and six times as often as the third is.

In making out the table at the close of the match no credit should be given for being left on a base unless the player has been left after a clean hit on which a base has been earned, for the ordinary record of left on bases is not reliable.

In making up a score at the close of the match the record should be as follows:—Name of player, total number of times the first base was made by clean hits, total bases so made, left on bases after clean hits, and the number of times the first base has been made on errors, which include called balls, wild throws, dropped fly balls, muffed balls and bases made by the ball being thrown to other bases to put out players forced off by poor hits.

BALL TOSSING IN LOUISIANA.

The season has been inaugurated in the lowlands of Louisiana, and now the ball tossers of that section are preparing for a vigorous prosecution of the sport. We give below scores of three games recently played in said State, constituting the first of the season:—

R. E. LEE.	R.	SOUTHERN.	R.
Rendon, c	4	Holtzman, 1st b	2
Hatton, s s	5	Simms, p	5
Lower, 1 f	5	Fay, 3d b	5
Williams, Jr., r f	4	Jones, c f	2
Crosby, 2d b	4	Chandler, 1 f	1
Hurley, 3d b	3	Buddendorff, s s	1
Johnson, c f	2	O'Rooke, r f	3
Williams, Sr., p	3	Brandenburg	2
Total	33	Total	23

Umpire—John O'Connor. Scorer—Joe Johnson.

EXCELSIOR.	R.	CRUSADER.	R.
Levy, 1 b	5	Keating, s s	3
Petus, r f	3	Allen, r f	3
Hennessey, 1st b	4	O'Keefe, 1st b	3
J. Donovan, p	3	Sherwood, p	1
Ed. Hays, 3d b	3	Seed, 2d b	0
Nolan, 1 f	4	Boyle, 1 f	3
S. Hays, 2d b	3	Zimmerman, 3d b	3
P. Donovan, c	3	McKinary, c	2
Howell, c f	1	Gilthorpe, c f	1
Total	29	Total	16

Scorers—A. Benedict and J. Muller.

LONE STAR, OF N. O.	R.	ATLANTIC, OF ALGIERS.	R.
Cook, 1st b	5	J. Higgins, 3d b	5
White, c f	2	Foley, p	6
Willig, r f	3	J. Smith, 1 f	3
McKinney, s s	4	Steel, c	3
W. B. Young, 2d b	4	J. McKee, s s	0
Dunn, 1 f	3	Cooley, c 1	3
Tracy, c	3	Wright, 1st b	1
London, p	3	Mulcare, 2d b	2
Wheat, 3d b	5	F. Higgins, b f	3
Total	33	Total	25

Time of game—2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire—F. Smith. Scorers—E. Steel and H. R. McVey.

BASE BALL.

ON SCORING IN BASE BALL.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The National Association of Base Ball Players, while taking measures to advance the prosperity of the game and to bring it up to a point of excellence as a national pastime, have, as yet, done little in the way of adopting a regular system for scoring the game, at least to the extent of establishing an official code of regulations, by means of which every game could be recorded in such a manner as to admit of the fullest and most thorough statistical analysis of each man's play. Some years since a system of abbreviation was endorsed by the Committee on Rules of the Association, and published in the Convention Book, and these are now in general use; but as for any particular system of scoring is concerned, by which a correct and reliable criterion of a man's play can be arrived at, there is nothing official in vogue among the majority of club scorers. Out of the multiplicity of these useful members of our clubs there are but few who are competent to undertake the task of preparing a full and reliable statistical analysis of the season's play of their clubs, and even those who are competent do not all undertake the trouble of making out the required analysis each year.

With a view of establishing a uniform system of scoring throughout the country during the coming season's campaign, we have had prepared for the CLIPPER, by a thoroughly competent and experienced scorer, a system of recording the details of a match game, which will be found as simple in practice as it is comprehensive in theory, and as it has been successfully tried for some years past, it possesses the advantage of a tried and successful method and as such we commend it to scorers throughout the country as a model for them to copy.

We first give the abbreviations now generally in use, and which were published in the Association Book in 1865.

A for first base. D for catch on the bound.
B for second base. L for foul balls.
C for third base. K for strock out.
F for catch on the fly. R for run out between bases.
Double letters—H R, or h r, for home runs.
L F for foul ball on the fly.
L D for foul ball on the bound.

A dot (·) is used to indicate a run scored, and the small figures (1st), (2d) and (3d), to mark when players are left on bases.

The key to the above abbreviations is a very simple one. A, B and C represent the first three bases, and all the other abbreviations are either the first or last letter of the word we abridge. Thus, we use the first letters of the words Fly, Run Out and Home Run, and the last letters of the words Bound, Foul and Struck; the reason for this is that we have already used the letter B, in base, and the letter F, in fly, and therefore D and L are substituted for bound and foul; and K, in struck, is used because it is customary in connection with the word to call a struck than S. The above abbreviations include everything necessary to record how and by whom a batsman is put out. In order, however, to illustrate the system we will briefly show how it works in a match game. We will presume by supposing the scorer to have before him one of Chadwick's "Association Score Books" or any book as comprehensive in its provisions for the record of minute details as that used by the Cincinnati

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

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Harry Linden,
Jack McCester,
H. F. Henry,
Robert Johnson,
Little Mack,
Morrissey Little,
Kitts & Wright,
Barry Alden—2,
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Sam Smith,
C. W. Couldock,
Mike Stanton,
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Wally Price,
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Kate Fisher,
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Julia Robinson,
Imogene Tracy,
Nellie Germon,
Mrs. Col. Cunningh'm
Miss Melissa,
Jennie Davis,
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W. B. Carroll,
Harry Wallace,
Eddie Fox,
Leon Chenat,
John Bryan,
Edwin Holmes,
Geo. Davenport,
Wilson and Clarke,
James Eastman,
Johnny Howard,
Ned Sirs gib,
T. H. Shannon,
B. & S. Touraine,
Geo. Gaston,
Jerry Cohen,
John T. Raymond,
John T. Hinck,
Mrs. Geo. Gray,
Emily Pitt,
Annie Byron,
Jennie Dilks,
Belle Montrose,
Mrs. D. P. Bowers,
Kate Pennoyer,
Emma Marsh,
Lsona Cavender,
Annie Hindle.
Clara Walters,
Hannah More,
Annie Atkins,
Carrie Moore,
Emma Booth,
Dan'l Nearse,

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, FEB. 15, '69.

This dark and stormy morning, all in the month of February, brings to our gaze hundreds of rose-tinted and violet-scented little enclosures, all done up in elegantly embossed envelopes, and all breathing words of tenderness and love sufficient to give a body a spell of the "yellow jandera." Just to think of it—instead of opening letters with the usual important announcement:—"Please find enclosed ten, or twenty, or fifty dollars—as the case may be—to pay for enclosed advertisement," here we find nothing but valentines, informing us of the forlorn condition of the writers, of their intention to commit suicide if we don't accept them all for our valentine, and threatening vengeance dire in beautiful verse if we centre our affections and things on anybody else. It's a great taste, isn't it? Love's all very nice, and very pretty, and very enchanting in its place, when you can concentrate your affections on one congenial spirit, and vow to live for her alone, or die; but when it comes in heavy doses like we see before us now, in the shape of hearts and darts, and skewers, and meat axes, and such things, we get frightened at it, and wish ourself well out of all such love scrapes. We wish they hadn't come to-day; they upset our mental calculations, and though we cannot go back on these lovely valentines, we cannot spare the time to-day to answer them all. Ah! "Jim" suggests a plan; he says that he will grind out a couple of nice verses, that Tyler can set 'em up for us in type, that we can print off thousands of 'em in a jiffy, and that we can dispatch them to our myriad of female friends, not one of whom will be the wiser for this duplicity. Jimmy, grease her a little, and hurry up the cakes:—

LINES TO MARY, OR JANE, OR SALLY, AS THE CASE MAY BE.

Oh, maiden fair, with pale blue (or red, or brown, anyon occasion requires) hair,
And eyes of azure hue,
On bended knee, I swear to thee
Forever to be true.
Yon orb of night, whose silvery light
Shines soft as love's young dream,
May wax and wane, and come again,
Yet still thou'lt be my theme.

Angelic Jane (or Jerusha, or Phœbe, or Sal, whatever it is) with the flowing mane,
Ne'er loved I maid but thee;
This heart of mine beats true to thine,
My bright divinity.
Sun, stars and moon may fade full soon,
And chaos come again,
Ere I shall leave, or then deceive,
My own sweet idol, Jane (or insert such name as the exigency of the case may require).

Now, Jimmy, envelope 'em, and send 'em off as quick as possible. Thus endeth our first lesson, as our pious brethren are wont to say on Sabbath morning.....Marry, but we New Yorkers are the favored of the gods! 'Twas but a nonce ago that we, in blissful ignorance, were content to take our best dramatic stuff from such an Boucicault, until an enterprising man of Celtic root did boldly stand out for his country's good, and hail with joy her authors; then were we favored with great railroad scenes, and burning boats, and others of that ilk, and all went well. But now, behold the change, and mark you well what follows. We have the ancient style of play for those who in it most delight, and with it—what? Sure, pen of man must fail to write, and writing best must lack in full expression; for those who in the sombre tragedy would cast their full desire, must needs feel joy, for have they not their Booth? And then, for those who favors beg of Thalia—merry goddess—they've but to court the "genial John," or Don John Lester—her most favored sons—and lo! they have them all. Then those who in Euterpe's dulcet strains find solace for their every care, have they not Grau and Fiske, who's next of kin to Crœsus. And so, those votaries of Momus, sure they must be satisfied with all the fun derived from our burlesques, and from its fair enactors' skill, and, further, speak it with your fingers on your lips—their legs, their shapes and their bleached golden hair; and one of these fair beauties, the leader of the clan, has, with a pretty pout, denied she bleached her hair at all; and truth to tell, her card unto the *Herald* sent, says:—"That I was born a blonde, and a blonde I'll die." The lovely lady speaks but truth, for she has borne a blonde full long, and she—or we are wrong—will *dye* a blonde some years to come. "Jimmy, can she stand the strain of another verse without dislocating anything?" "What's it to be on tap?" "About burlesque and legs." "Yes, she can stand on legs a whole day." "Turn her genily, han, for time nor tide wait for no men."

LEGS AND BURLESQUE.

'Tis now the ladies show
That to make a burlesque go,
They've only to be beautiful and fair;
And for favors they may beg,
If they've not a splendid leg,
And the lightest of the light-dyed golden hair.

Now, isn't it a shame,
We ask in pity's name,
That woman from her sphere should thus—

Stop her, Jimmy; we don't want any moralising from a *waiter*; we can do that ourself if it's necessary, which it isn't, since the public go their bottom dollar on legs and physical charms.....Once there was a young actress whose early education had been somewhat neglected, but who, from a display of nature's handiwork, made herself an object of interest to a virtuous constituency; she found that legs and all that sort of thing took very well, but nevertheless she undertook to study a part requiring a good deal of *head work*; but in the end heads didn't win. One night, while playing this said piece, a well known actor, who wished the girl to do well, and to avoid the many ungrammatical expressions she had familiarised her audience with, said to her, "be cautious to-night Miss——, for I see Smith, of the *Tribune*, here; Jones, of the *Herald*; Brown, of the *Times*; and Jinkins, of the *World*." "And," put in another actor standing by at the time, "look out for Lindley Murray, too." "Ah!" says the young actress, "what paper's he on?".....We say nothing, yet we are hefty on the think. While rocking in the arms of our easy chair the other day these strange and weird thoughts occurred to us:—

— Ian t it somewhat remarkable, that while Edwin Booth so objects to *rant* himself, he should have *Morant* than ever in his company?

— Can you account for this queer freak in musical science—that you have to sing *so high* before you can sing *solo?*

— And here's another thing:—How can a play be well *spoken* of when it's *gagged?*

— Are the proprietors of the Theatre Comique *bad* pay, that they always require *A. Dunning?* Or have they "*only Lingard*" in their payments?

— When the Waverley Theatre opens to-night, will it have a good *Hall* on the public? And if so, is it to be supposed that other burlesque artists will go to the *Wall?*

— And in regard to Rose *Massey*, now at Wood's Museum, can our billiard-loving friends inform us whether she is a *draw*, or whether she can score, being a "*Miss*" *Massey?*

— Does Henry Ward Beecher object to the *Pastor-al* drama?

— Do only *profane* people go to the *Cafe des Dames* at Tammany?

— What is the exact meaning of "An Immense Success," and of "An Unprecedented Triumph?"

And so, with these few queries, the solution of which we leave to our invaluable and widely circulated readers, we turn our attention to a higher sphere, and let our friends hear a few words ideas

FROM THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

Mister Editer Clipper.—Althof my views isnt no novelties to the crittikle public in respect of the manner into witch the plays o' Mister Willyam Shakspier, whom 'as bien called the sweet swan of New Haven, shoud be renderd, stil a few remarks on that exaustles subjec' might not be a miss, witch we all know is as good as a mile, if not better. I hav never believed that all apreciation for works of ugh dramaatic art was extinct amongest us as a people, althof the fac is ondeniable that uman nacher will be uman nacher, and few of us is willin, like Barkis, to pen ourselfs up in a box, as it were, all night to liasen to a first class tradegy, when we kin go an git enthoosiastic over tender lags and low neck dresses, or parchis the gratifica-shon of seein a feller uman fawl from off a trapis or bust is meet by a unforchunate tumble from an orse. Boothe and Lester Wallick may be excepshins to the drawin power of the legitimate drammy, but that don't prove nothink, because now our play goers kin revvil in variety, and tin incense up town with Booth or Wallick, take their commikle exams (so is strictly *one se generous*), John Breaghan, as a sandwhich, and the cirkus or the minnistrels or the hopery buffer as a desert to top off with. But to my subjec'. It will be seen that a subsoil philosefy pervades the plays o Shakespier throout. Take, for instins, is Amlet, where a says—"To be or not—to B that is the quesin"—admitsion the possibility of a doot, without witch ther could be no argyment. "Wether 'tis better in the mind's eye to suffar the 'slings' that harrows an outrageous conscience"—ere is allusion to is favrite berridge is evident), and this view is further confirmd in act 1, scene 3, in the passidge witch follows:—

"*Ghost*—(beneath)—Swear!

"*Ham.*—Rise! you be d—! Then we'll change our ground"—and then, punchin' of is stummick—"Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!" This passidge, I think, also pints to the fac that Amlet was ard up, in spite of is bein a prinse, and might even a bin contemplatin a cokun of somethin to eat from a resterani, like Joey Grimaldy or Fox, for instans, for does o not say to Orashio:—

"And what so poor a man as Amlet is—
Let's go in together;
And stick your fingers on yer lips, I pray ye,
The time is *out of joint.* (*Ere it leads the tirder is empty.*) O, cussed spite!
That ever I was born to set 'em up!"

Implyin that o wood ave to go to sottin up tenpins if things didn't mend. So also in Act 3 he says to Orashio, 'is cully:—

"Nay, don't you think I flatter—
For whas advance could I obtain from thee,
That no revenue hast but good spirits."

E ad is kog full just then, it is probable. Now if we take this view o the quesch n, we can reddily account for awl the great lites o former days, such as Cooke, Kean, Cooper, Ambling, for generly permating their leading *roles* in a state o somby melancholy, becaus it was accordin to the tex. It have been queschioned in this connexion, whether Boothe can succeed in is present undertaklin, merely because o will parels in sinkin the eccentricities of genius and doin is parts sober, contry to all establist presedent, witch demands that e shood be frequently 'indisposed,' and even occashnally put itself in pawn for liquor. But these is degenerat days! Lookin back onto the past, I kan recollec only two instances of deparcher from the standard rule—them, I need ardly say, was Shakes and the Little Greek, oo was at the top o the profeshn as far as sobriety went, but unfortunately adn't anythink else to make hup for it. Ah! it warms me werry witals when I think ow "Little Johnny" witch e was the oridgnl Greek—use to get off is famous las scene in Richard; it was terrifick—no other word kin describe it:—

"A 'oss! a 'oss! Mi kingdom for a 'oss!
I have stake my life upeon one cast,
And I'll take—a dam, ahmed! all before I die!"

That was in the pammy days o the little Frankling Theatre, wen Kirby was "an actor in Rome" and Bil Dinneford was treasurer, and each actor was finanshally in the abjec' condishn described by the famis poit. Them was days, too, wen there was such a thing as actin—wen you *could* ear a feller's voice beyond the footlites and people didn't go out every five minnits to take a 'orn or to anser the firebell; and wen it took lungs as well as mussel to be an actor. Sir, you may not believe me, but its a fac—wen Kirby played a rownd o Shakespirian karackters, a was so exhausted that it became necessary to remove 'im to the city ospitle every nite for meddikle tretement, on the falling of the curting, and it was nearly ereasal time afore e came rownd agen. The thing was so expensiv, altho the ouses was large and enthoosiastic, the manidger ad to choke im off o Shakespisr, and after that e was obligated to stick to the "Carpinter of Ruin," the "Six Degrees of Crime," and other like productions, witch, tho' fine, are 'ardly equivelent to Shakespier. The pore old Frankling!—it's a 'olesale store now, and sassy clerks discuss the merits of the *ballit* on the spot made sacrid by the woice o' Bill Seftin and the muskilar energy o' Shales! YOURN.

CASSIN TROT and Mrs. E. V. Holmes are at present engaged at the Old Bowery Theatre, this city.

DODWORTH HALL is advertised to rent or lease for a term of years.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE opens under the Tayleure management on March 15th, with the "Tempest." By a letter received in this city on the 11th from Mr. Tayleure—who was then in Paris—we learn that he has secured many novelties for his enterprise, and that he will arrive home late in February.

NELSE SEYMOUR had a crowded house at his benefit on the afternoon of the 11th inst., at Bryants' Minstrel Hall. He was presented on the stage by Henry Dobson with one of his handsome, patent banjos, heavily silver mounted, and valued at $60. He was also the recipient of a large bouquet from his intended.

EDWIN KELLY arrived in this city from the west on the 8th inst. He sails this week for London, to make the necessary arrangements for the early appearance of the Kelly and Leon Minstrels in their burlesque operas.

J. H. CATHCART arrived in this city from England on the 8th inst.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH has sued Manager Freligh, of the Old Bowery Theatre, to recover $500, incurred in the "After Dark" case lately heard in this city.

JOHN E. OWENS sails for California on the 16th inst., under engagement to Barrett and McCullough, of the new Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco.

ANOTHER SPARK of Italian Opera was inaugurated at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, Feb. 11th. The "Sicilian Vespers" was the opera chosen for the initial performance, with Mad. Agatha States and Sig. Brignoli in the principal *roles*. The entertainment did not meet with success, either pecuniarily or otherwise, and Max's boldness in starting at the opening of Lent is not likely to meet with public approval. Mad. States, we see, wishes to accede from the United States, as she has commenced a suit for divorce from her husband.

FOURTEENTH STREET and its immediate vicinity, from Third to Sixth Avenue, is now the great centre of amusements. Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth street is the French Theatre; at Thirteenth street and Broadway, Wallack's; on Fourteenth street, near Fourth Avenue, Steinway Hall; Irving Place and Fifteenth Street, Irving Hall; Fourteenth street and Irving Place, Academy of Music; adjoining that is Bryants' Minstrel Hall; and in the same building is the great Tammany; and on the same street, opposite the Academy, is Lent's New York Circus. Fourteenth street presents a lively appearance with all these places in separation.

MR. TISSINGTON, at present at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, has been secured by Mr. Tayleure, for his season at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Tissington is one of the best orchestral leaders in the city.

MARY STEVENS, a juvenile actress, arrived in this city on the 9th inst.

THE ELISE HOLT BURLESQUE TROUPE make their first appearance in this city this evening at the Waverly Theatre, formerly Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall, in the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia, M. D." with the following cast:—Gennaro, Elise Holt; Orsini, Emily Pitt; Lireotto, Fanny Prestige; Petrucca, Minnie Jackson; Vitelli, Mary Pitt; The Dook, Wall; Lucretia Borgia, James Lewis; Rustighello, C. T. Parsloe, Jr.; Jubetta, Belvil Ryan; First Page, Carrie Williams; Second Page, Annie Campion, and Third Page, Emma Bel'. The burlesque will terminate with the *Can-Can*, introducing Betty and Emily Rigl and *corps de ballet*. Previous to the burlesque the comedietta of "A Pretty Piece of Business" will be performed, with Owen Marlowe, Edward Coleman and the company in the cast. The theatre has been handsomely fitted up, and presents a neat appearance. A new drop curtain has been painted by Marston, also new scenery by J. S. Schell.

MRS. W. H. SEDLEY SMITH sails for San Francisco, California, on the 16th inst., for Barrett and McCullough's new theatre.

"ORPHEE AUX ENFERS" was produced at the Grand Opera House on the 8th inst., on which occasion Mlle. Tostee made her reappearance after a long absence, having fully recovered from her late accident. She appeared as Eurydice, and the reception that greeted her was very enthusiastic. M. Ducre, the Orpheus, was loudly applauded for his solo on the violin. Mr. Duchesne was excellent as Jupiter. The young lady that played Cupid did not appear to come up to the requirements of the role, for her attempted singing was rewarded by a round of hisses, which was very warm, when a lot of *claqueurs* attempted to drown the disapprobation with applause. The chorus at the end of the second act ("Stop that Knocking") was *encored*, when the curtain was raised and the procession countermarched and sang. The attendance was not great, and throughout the week "Orphee" was given to light business.

JOHN BROUGHAM produced, at his theatre, on the 8th inst., a two act comedy called "Irish Stew;" or, The Mysterious Widow of Long Branch." It is a dramatization from the French, and localized by Mr. Brougham. A dramatization of the same piece has previously been given in this city, under the title of "A Bull in a China Shop." It was placed upon the stage in excellent style, and carefully performed by the stock company, Mr. Brougham particularly distinguishing himself by the many innocent blunders that he was constantly making. E. L. and Ellie Germon, who filled the play are secretly married, afforded considerable amusement to the audience. Taken on the whole, it is one of the most amusing trifles we have witnessed for some time, and is continued on the bills for this week, in addition to the burlesque of the "Dramatic Review," which has undergone some alterations since its first production, adding considerably to its popularity. The attendance was not very large the past week.

WALLACK'S THEATRE is doing a good business with "Much Ado About Nothing."

HUMPTY DUMPTY," in spite of the counter attractions of a grand display of legs at other theatres, appears to bear up gracefully and holds his own, for the attendance at the Olympic continues very large each evening, a vacant seat being a curiosity. That C. K. Fox earns his salary no one can doubt, for he gets knocked about with considerable looseness and freedom. His performance of Pantaloon is deserving of considerable praise.

J. B. STUDLEY met with a hearty welcome at the Old Bowery Theatre the past week.

EDWIN BOOTH did the second best business of any manager in the city the past week, his beautiful temple of the drama being crowded each evening, the stormy nights having no effect whatever upon the attendance. Mr. Booth has toned down his performance of "Romeo" considerably since the first week, and it is now one of the most intellectual and enjoyable performances to be seen in this city. Mary McVicker grows in favor with her audiences; Edwin Adams' Mercutio is a great feature of the performance; he is called before the curtain each evening for his thoroughly artistic conception and representation of the *role*

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is one of the most popular places of amusement in this city, frequented, as it is, by large and delighted audiences, composed of "many of the first families." The Rizarelli Brothers continue the great feature, and are called out each evening. Their performance of the Double Flying Trapeze is one of the most startling ever witnessed. Robert Stickney, having returned from Philadelphia, has reappeared at this establishment.

MARIE ZOE opens an engagement at the Broadway Theatre this evening, in a new play, written expressly for her, and which she has played throughout the country with considerable success, entitled "Wits; or, Woman's Constancy."

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS commences its tenting season, in this city, the first week in April, on the lot in Thirty-fourth street near Broadway.

A CHANGE IN THE PROGRAMME is made this week at Wood's Museum, the burlesque of "Fra Diavolo" being given each evening and Saturday afternoon, in addition to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," introducing Mr. and Mrs. Florence in both burlesques. Mr. Florence's Beppo in the first is unquestionably one of the best performances of the kind ever witnessed. Every afternoon, excepting Saturday, the burlesque of "Ixion" is given. The Moriacchi *ballet* troupe is one of the features at this establishment. Moriacchi is a *danseuse* of ability. The ease and grace of her slow movements are excellent. Her contorting and actions are not only modest but brilliant. The can-can, as danced by her, while devoid of all vulgarity, is possessed of plenty of fire and vim. Her *ballet* troupe is composed of five good premiers:—Albertina Duchataeu, G. Mazzeri, Louisa Mazaeri, La Petite Augusta, and Z. Parser, with Sig. Constantine as *maitre de ballet*.

SEVERAL NEW FACES appear at the Tammany this evening, including Harry Raynor with his Japanese Fiddle, and James Ilsworth, the Ethiopian Delineator and Dutch burlesque actor. During the past week the old farce of the "Irish Lion"—called on the bills "The Journeyman Taylor"—was presented, and afforded Ben. Maginley an opportunity to spread himself in low comedy, which he did to the evident delight of all present. Lillie Whiting was the Mrs. Figgig. Lillie looked very pretty, and shows signs of improvement as an actress, her principal line of business being that of a *danseuse*. Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Love reappeared in the negro sketch called "Dandy Jim." The Runnells Family, who appeared the past week, continue their engagement. The comic pantomime of "Kim Ka"—the best yet of Mamitt's productions—will be continued this week.

CROWDED HOUSES have been the rule all the past week at Niblo's Garden, with the Lydia Thompson troupe in the burlesque of "Forty Thieves." Since our last Miss Thompson has been doing a clog dance in place of a walk around. Edith Challis, who was brought to this country for "Aline Dark," appeared all the week as Captain of the "Thieves," in place of Pauline Markham, who has been suffering with an ulcerated sore throat. This establishment did the best business of any in the city the past week.

THE FRISCO MINSTRELS have produced a most laughable sketch of the burlesque of the "Forty Thieves," which they call "The 40 Thieves, Condensed to Two." It is something new, and convulses the audience with laughter for several minutes. The banjo solo by Billy West was well given, and received an *encore*. Bobby Newcomb's songs and dances receive from three to four *encores* each evening. In the first part Aynesly Scott sang with spirit, "No such Girl as Mine," and Mr. Wambold was *encored* in "Oh, Kiss Me Again." The performance terminated with the old "Masquerade Ball," called on the bills "Shakespearean Festival."

BAD BUSINESS at the French Theatre compels manager Grau to change his programme, his last production of "Fleur de The," having failed to attract remunerative audiences. Rose Bell, who has been on the sick list for some time, made her *rentree* on the 13th, as Cesarine, in "Fleur de The." This evening "Genevieve de Brabant" will be reproduced.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE had a succession of good houses the past week. The burlesque of "Pluto" continued the attraction, in which Annie Wood appeared successfully as Apollo, Miss Lingard not having sufficiently recovered. The first was "Two Can Play at That Game," introducing the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," introducing Mr. and Mrs. Florence in both burlesques. Mr. Florence's Beppo in the first is unquestionably one of the best performances of the kind ever witnessed. Every afternoon, excepting Saturday, the burlesque of "Ixion" is given. The Moriacchi *ballet* troupe is one of the features at this establishment. Moriacchi is a *danseuse* of ability. The ease and grace of her slow movements are excellent. Her contorting and actions are not only modest but brilliant. The can-can, as danced by her, while devoid of all vulgarity, is possessed of plenty of fire and vim. Her *ballet* troupe is composed of five good premiers:—Albertina Duchataeu, G. Mazzeri, Louisa Mazaeri, La Petite Augusta, and Z. Parser, with Sig. Constantine as *maitre de ballet*.

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Keene, N. H., 10th; Claremont, 11th; Rutland, Vt., 12th; North Adams, 13th. They are billed for Pittsfield, Mass., Feb. 15th; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 16th; Troy, 17th, and Schenectady, 18th. The troupe comprises Camilla Urso, violinist; Miss Gabriella Rideway, soprano; Rudolph Hall, cornetist; D. C. Hall, bugle soloist, and Charles E. Pratt, pianist. They are en route for California.

——tions of frescoe painting, the design of which is carried out with walls from top to bottom. The house is heated by steam, well ventilated, and is lighted by means of 144 gas jets around the base of the dome. The stage is arranged for traps, so that any spectacular piece can be represented with good effect. The entrance to the house is large and spacious and the outlets numerous. The attention of managers of theatrical companies, operas, concert troupes, &c., is called to the proprietor's advertisement in another column.

JAMES TAYLOR, the "London Champion Comic," as he is known abroad, publishes a sweeping challenge in this issue to any comic vocalist in America for $1,000 and the championship. Mr. Taylor being anxious to give Mr. Lingard a trial, and let the American public see who possesses the most merit, offers to put up $2,000 and the champion gold medal he won in London, containing one hundred and eight diamonds, to Lingard's $1,000, and compete with him in public. Mr. Taylor performs this week with Alf. Burnett in Toronto, Canada, and goes thence to the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for four weeks.

M. JOHN DENIER left Kansas City, Mo., on Feb. 1st, with a small company, and opened at Holden, Mo., on the 6th, and remained three nights. In the afternoon of the third day Mr. Denier made a rope ascension. On the 9th the party were to open at Warrensburg, Mo. The company consists of Maggie Willett, Jennie Fisher, James Hayes, George Fisher, M. A. Barrow and John Denier.

THE HANLON COMBINATION open a six nights' stay in Savannah, Ga., on the 22d inst.

A PANORAMA is advertised for sale cheap, by J. F. Libby, in another column.

A LADY VOCALIST and a musical performer are wanted for a traveling company. See S. A. Munson's advertisement.

R. A. NORTH solicits an engagement as general agent for a responsible company, through a card in our advertising columns.

OLD'S OPERA HOUSE, Muscatine, Iowa, is advertised to rent for first class entertainments; it will seat about one thousand, is well lighted, warmed and ventilated, and has two dressing rooms.

THE NORTH WESTERN MUSEUM, Messrs. Allen and Oaks proprietors, is an interesting and prosperous institution, we are informed, and is now touring in Wisconsin. Among its stars are James Mulligan, glass blower; Madame Randall, giantess; Kate Ackley, fat girl; Emma Hoyt, little lady; and wax statuary, representing the assassination of President Lincoln. By an advertisement elsewhere it will be seen that other curiosities are wanted for this institution.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY—Tribe of John—were in Chicago on the 11th inst.

PROF. AND MAD. CARTER, magicians, who have been traveling through Illinois and Wisconsin, are now in Indiana. They were to open in La Porte on the 15th, for three nights, and Warsaw the balance of the week, thence to Fort Wayne and Indianapolis.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA OF NEW YORK is billed ahead as follows, traveling by wagons:—Essex, Mass., 16th; Ipswich, 17th; North Andover, 18th; Ballard Valle, 19th, and Methuen 20th.

THE LAND and ruins of the late Academy of Music, Albany, are advertised for sale.

MUSICIANS OF ABILITY are advertised for elsewhere by George A. Horance.

PROF. HASTINGMAYER, the prestidigitateur and musician, who has the repute of giving a first class entertainment, had a full house to witness his performance at Baltimore, Md., on the 11th inst. He commenced three nights at Reading, Pa., on the 15th inst.

THE MAIN STREET OPERA HOUSE, Johnstown, Pa., has lately been dedicated by Messrs Henderson and Canning, of Pittsburgh, who played to good houses for a week, and they reopen there on the 22d with Ettie Henderson. The house is a brick edifice, capable of seating one thousand persons, is well lighted, has stage, dressing room and a green room, also a set of scenery painted by Seavey & Co., of New York. Persons wishing to rent the above house will find the proprietor's card in another column.

ODEON HALL, Bowling Green, Ky., of good seating capacity and well fitted up, may be rented by addressing Messrs. Hackney & Gerard, as per advertisement.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., may be rented, from June to September, for miscellaneous entertainments. See advertisement.

PROF. EVERETT, prestidigitator, was performing last week in Covington and Newport, Ky.

THE PHILHARMONICS of Rochester, N. Y., announce a concert at St. James Hall, Buffalo, on the 18th, assisted by Henri Appy, violinist, Jennie Bull, of New York, and others.

JOHN BOGAN advertises that on receipt of cash he will send written lessons on banjo and jig and clog dancing. Banjos and other musical instruments can also be had from him.

BELLE BOYD AND MAUDE ST. LEON, who are traveling through the South, giving dramatic readings, opened in Galveston, Texas, on Jan. 26th, to a good house. The same was repeated on Jan. 30th. A correspondent says:—"The ladies then visited Navasota, and gave a reading on Feb. 4th, to very good business, and went thence to Bryan, opening Feb 6th. Although the weather was bad, and the streets wet and muddy, business was good. On the 9th they left for Galveston, and on the 10th sail for New Orleans. They will then take the Southern coast, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, &c., and 'On to Richmond' and Baltimore."

Amateur.

THE DAVENPORT DRAMATIC CLUB of Cincinnati gave "Still Waters Run Deep" on Friday evening, Feb. 12th, to a large audience of invited guests. The two leading parts of John Mildmay and Captain Hawksley were finely rendered by Warren Kennedy and James E. Sherwood, and the play was pronounced a great success.....The attempt of the Shakespeare Club at "Hamlet" was not very successful. They produce "Katherine and Petruchio" on the 16th, with A. Clark as Petruchio, Finch as Grumio and Mrs. Moore as Katherine.

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "Who Speaks First" and "Midnight Watch" on the 4th. Messrs. Stockton, Jr., Combes and Bartram in the former, were good. Mr. Hulfish particularly so in the latter.....The Boothenian produced the "Serious Family" on the 4th, with Mr. Hayhurst as Charles Torrens. The ladies acquitted themselves excellently.....The Dramatic Union D. A. have removed to their new hall, Ninth and Spring Garden streets.....A Party by the Name of Johnson" made his *debut* at the Wheatley Association on the 13th. The bill consists of several farces.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The theatres of the metropolis continue to be largely attended, and the managers are constantly producing novelty. More than at any previous time, managers display an anxiety to produce all their novelties on a Saturday evening. "Claude du Val" is the title of a new burlesque by Mr. Bernand, presented at the New Royalty on Jan. 23rd. It is pronounced one of that author's best productions..... "Red Hands" is the title of a new drama announced for production on Jan. 30th at the St. James'.....'After Dark," after a brilliant run, was withdrawn from the boards of the Princess on Feb. 8th.....The drama of "The Flying Dutchman" has been revived at the Pavilion.....At Covent Garden, Drury Lane, The Haymarket, Princess', Adelphi, Lyceum, Olympic, Strand, Gaiety, Queen's, Prince of Wales', Holborn, Royal Alfred, Surrey, Victoria, Standard, Grecian, Britannia, Alexandra and East London, and also at the Holborn Amphitheatre, no change has occurred....."Adrienne Lecouvreur" has been revived at Sadler's Wells, after being shelved fifteen years.....A new drama, called "Marie Antoinette," in which Mlle. Beatrice will appear, was to be produced at the Princess' on Feb. 8th. For months past this piece has been played to nearly every town in England.....The Lord Chamberlain having been informed of the impropriety of the dresses lately worn in the spectacular pieces produced at the theatres, has sent the following circular to all theatrical managers under his jurisdiction:—

The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments to the manager of the ——— He has learned, with regret, from observations in the press and from other sources, that there is much reason to complain of the impropriety of costume of the ladies in the pantomimes, burlesques, &c., which are now being performed in some of the metropolitan theatres. He has noticed, for some time past, that this evil has been gradually on the increase, but he has been most unwilling to interfere in a matter which he considers ought more properly to be left to the discretion and good taste of managers themselves. Now, however, that the question has been taken up by the press, and public opinion is being expressed upon it, he feels himself compelled to call the serious attention of the managers to the subject; for he cannot but remark the discredit that now justly falls on the stage, and the objections which are now being raised against it by many who have hitherto frequented the theatres, but who now decline themselves unwilling to permit the ladies of their families to sanction by their presence such questionable exhibitions. The Lord Chamberlain, with every anxiety to promote the interests of the stage, trusts that he may confidently appeal to the managers for assist in abating the evil complained of, which threatens to become a public scandal. He has purposely addressed these observations in the form of a circular to the managers of all theatres under his jurisdiction, in order to obviate imputing blame to any one in particular, and will gladly receive from them any observations or suggestions which they may wish to offer on the subject.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, Jan. 28, 1869.

.....The Original Royal Christy Minstrels is the name of a new minstrel party announced to open in London on Feb. 11th at St. George's Hall, in a burlesque on Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse," entitled "The Grand Dutch-es of London," with scenery and costumes, and a band and chorus of one hundred performers. This announcement will be a great surprise to Kelly and Leon, who have for several weeks been making preparations for their departure for London to produce their burlesque operas.....Howard Paul has written a farce for Mr. Toole, which is founded upon a very droll notion. It is called "Love in a Trombone." Mr. Toole is to play a fussy old musician named Blifkins.....Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin are shortly to appear in a translation of a German drama by the same author that Mr. Robertson "consulted" in his new piece, "School."".....Lord Arthur Clinton, the ex-M. P., of Newark, and who has strutted his brief hour on the stage at the Strand and various provincial theatres, contemplates a professional visit to America to "star" in light comedy.....Miss Herbert, of the San Carlo, Naples, will be the next Alhambra star of the *ballet*.....The Siamese Twins were announced to open at Egyptian Hall on February 9th..... Watts Phillips will be very shortly represented simultaneously at the Adelphi in "The Dead Heart;" at the Queen's, the new drama of "Not Guilty," and the Holburn, another new drama, the name of which has not transpired.....The drama in three acts, at the Adelphi, in preparation by Wilkie Collins and Mr. Fechter, will be taken from Mr. Collins' tale of "The Moonstone," an adaptation of which has already appeared in America.....'Brown and the Brahmins or, Captain Pop, and the Princess Pretty Eyes" is the title of a new burlesque produced at the Globe Theatre, and which is pronounced a success.....Miss Glyn (Mrs. Dallas) finds herself compelled, by the state of her health, to relinquish, for a time at least, both theatrical engagements and dramatic readings. She will in future receive a limited number of pupils, to whom she will give dramatic instruction and training.....Joseph Simpson, an old actor, died on January 28th, in his seventieth year..... The remains of Nelly Moore were interred in Brompton Cemetery on February 1st.....Thomas Lyon, the original Jonathan Wild, in the drama of "Jack Sheppard," died at Shoreditch on January 23d, aged fifty-seven years. His last appearance on the stage was at the City of London Theatre, August 29th, 1867, when he appeared as Job Thornberry, in "John Bull," for the benefit of Austin Lee.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—The drama in Paris is said to be in rather an immoral condition. At the Gymnase Dramatique, "Seraphine," a five act comedy by M. Sardou, is holding the boards. It was originally called the "Devote," but it was thought that title might wound the susceptibilities of the religious world.....The "Princesse Rouge" is an extravagance being played at the Ambigu..... Messrs. Chivot and Darn have produced "Le Carnaval d'un Merle Blanc," at the Palais Royal. .....The Theatre Francais has presented a comedy in four acts, called "Faux Menages." The London *Glowworm*, of Jan. 23d, says:—"When we contemplate the state of literature and the drama at the present day, and when the most superficial observer cannot fail to recognise in all classes of society in Paris a wide spread, luxurious immorality, we must come to the conclusion that at no period has vice become so universally practiced, and we may say, approved. That, in consulting the mirror to nature," a dramatic should occasionally reflect the immorality around him, the vices of his age, is perhaps but a legitimate occupation; but when we find the whole dramatic literature of the country dedicated to the depicting of seduction, adultery and the incidents of prostitution, we must come to the conclusion that the taste of the day has degenerated into a most vicious circle of human immorality. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely any theatre in Paris to which parents can with propriety take either their daughters or their sons, and the dramatic author appears to be writing for meretricious women and young men who support vice."".....A new theatre is about to be erected on a portion of the site now occupied by the Magasins-Reunis..... The name of M. Adolphe Guenee, the director of the Theatre des Nouveautes, appears in the French official list of bankrupts.....The *revue* at the Theatre Dejazet is by MM. Alexandre Flan, A. Lemenuie, and Oswald. It is entitled "Gaulois-Revue."".....A new drama by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, has been received at the Gaite.....A farce, founded apparently upon La Fontaine's not over moral "Le Faiseur d'Oreilles," has been produced at the Theatre du Palais Royal. It is by M. Mark Legouvest *fils*, and is entitled "La Suite a Demain."..... The revision of the "Decret de Moscou" is completed. In future the members who compose the *comite de lecture* of the Theatre Francais will be compelled to sign their names to their votes, and state their reasons for giving it.

"BOOTS" IN TROUBLE.—Mr. G. W. Moore, one of the principals, and "boss" of the Christy Minstrels, appeared at the Westminster Police Court, London, recently, charged with assaulting William Pardoe, a cab driver. About one o'clock on New Year's morning, defendant and six others of his party got into complainant's cab at St. James' Hall. Complainant expressed great reluctance to take them, but the police told him he was bound to do so, and that they would pay him. He conveyed them inside and outside his carriage to defendant's residence, "Christy" House, Chelsea. On arriving there, complainant got down, expecting to receive his fare, and on being asked what it was, he said he would leave it to them, as they were all performers. Upon this the defendant replied, "We never perform out of London," and letting fly at complainant with his fist, gave him a black eye. For the defence, it was proved by the evidence of several witnesses that when complainant first refused to carry the party he used abusive language to them, defendant's name being mentioned. Remarks about defendant were made in his hearing to the outsiders on their way to Chelsea. On their arrival there defendant offered complainant 3s. 6d., whereupon he said he would have none of his "American hanky-panky tricks," and would punch his head. Complainant put up his fists and rushed towards defendant, when the latter, putting himself on the defensive, his fist came in contact with the complainant's eye. Mr. Ambrose Austin, manager of St. James' Hall, proved that complainant used very offensive language, and objected to take the Christy Minstrels at first. He was cross examined by Mr. Smith, and stated that they and some friends had supped at the hall on the last night of the old year, and growing "larkish," broke one another's hats, and that most of the party were without any, some having handkerchiefs round their heads when they hired the cab. The Magistrate said he thought it clearly proved that at the start complainant used most offensive and improper language; but he was of opinion that he was perfectly sober, and he was not surprised at his reluctance to carry hilarious gentlemen presenting the appearance the defendant and his party were said to cut. If it had not been for the provocation of the bad language, he should have given defendant an opportunity of reflecting upon his conduct in prison, instead of complaining in any future entertainment that he had taken his money. On the Magistrate's recommendation that Mr. Moore should make the cabman compensation, to save his adjudication, defendant gave the cabman £2 and a guinea costs.

BADDELEY, the English comedian, seventy-five years since, left funds for cake and wine to be partaken of on "Twelfth Night by the Drury Lane company, in the great green room, forever." The anniversary was duly honored this year, when Mr. Chatterton supplemented an additional cake and other good cheer. Mr. W. Bennett, the trustee of the fund, no longer gave—"The memory of David Garrick," but the proper and original toast—"The memory of Robert Baddeley." This actor was the last who used to go down to the theatre, in his uniform of scarlet and gold, worn by the patented players, as "Gentlemen of their Majesties' Household."

WAGNER has finished the third part of his gigantic opera of "Mebelungen," which, complete, will take several nights to act. One scene in it requires an aquarium, so that the characters—mermaids and mermen—may swim about and skip from rock to rock, add dive beneath the depths, singing all the time. We hope he is a sufficiently skillful wagoner to drive it through successfully.

CHARLES READE thinks of building a new theatre in London, Eng., in which only the Reade drama is to be performed. Is to sing drama, and drink dram, eh! to be ruled out?

JAMES EDMONDS, of Wombwell's Menagerie, has purchased Hamel, the favorite horse of the late Emperor Theodorus.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATTHEWS have received, it is said, from an American manager, an offer of £5,000 sterling for a season of eight months in New York and other principal cities.

IRER FORBES, the well known bass, is said to be about to appear in England as an actor of Shakespearean characters. He has been very successful in some of these presentations in Germany. Shylock is to be the subject of his first essay.

MAPLESON'S OPERA TROUPE are still starring in the Northern counties of England.

LOVEDAY AND SUMMERS' OPERA TROUPE, with Aynsley Cook in the party, were in Cork, Jan. 25th.

MRS. HERBER, wife of the lessee of the Theatre Royal, South Shields, Eng., died in that town on Jan. 27th.

BARRY O'NEIL, from America, made his *debut* in Australia, as a comic singer, on Nov. 28th, at the Varieties, Melbourne.

THE TURF.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

THE CHESTER CUP ACCEPTANCES—THE DERBY WINNER, BLUE GOWN, STRUCK OUT OF THE RACE—BETTING ON THE CUP, DERBY AND TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS—DEATH OF A ST. LEGER WINNER—A LEVIATHAN BETTING MAN GONE.

The appearance of the list of horses accepting the weights imposed upon them by the handicapper for the Chester Cup, and the fact that among them the name of Sir Joseph Hawley's famous Derby victor, Blue Gown, was not included, has caused a wide-spread feeling of consternation among turfmen in England. This horse had been backed for thousands of pounds for this race even before the entries were made; and after the weights were published, and it was known that his chance was not out with 130lbs upon him, there was an universal rush among backers to invest their money on him, thus forestalling his owner, if the latter was inclined to back him, in which event he would have to be satisfied with a short price about him. There is no doubt that Blue Gown would have been a most dangerous horse for this race, even with the tremendous weight for a four year old which he carried, for in the Cambridgeshire, last fall, he had run a good second to Seesaw, carrying 128 pounds, a performance which stamped him as one of the best horses that ever trod the English turf. With only two pounds more on him than he had in that race, and now a year older, his wonderful stamina and tremendous speed would have been well served on the Chester Cup Course, and it was very probable he might have repeated the victory which Asteroid accomplished in 1863, carrying the same weight. It is very probable that Sir Joseph Hawley would have run Blue Gown for the Cup, but for the interference and untimely meddling of others in no way connected with him, who, anticipating the owner of the horse and the stable, had taken all the "long shots" about him, leaving the former the option of accepting about one quarter of the odds they themselves had got. It was to punish these men, who had thus forestalled him about his own horse, that Sir Joseph struck him out of this race, and will trust his interests to other representatives of his stable. This act of retributive justice will doubtless have a good effect, as it will learn bettors a lesson not to back horses to win immense stakes before their owners have laid out a dollar on them tor themselves. Besides Blue Gown, Sir Joseph Hawley has struck out Pero Gomez and Rosicrucian, leaving The Palmer and Vagabond to represent his stable. The striking out of the top weight, Blue Gown, has necessitated the raising of the highest weight accepting (12st.) to 12st. 4lbs., and the others in proportion, the Liverpool Cup winner, The Palmer, having now the top weight. Of the one hundred and twenty-six entries, fifty-four have paid forfeit, leaving seventy-two remaining in, so that there is certain to be a large field of starters, and good betting. The celebrated northern trainer, John Scott, appears to be highly dissatisfied with the weight that the Whitewall horses Taraban, Viscount and The Spy have imposed on them by the handicapper, as he has struck them all out of the race. The withdrawal of the Derby winner leaves Paul Jones, who won the Cup last year, again at the head of the betting quotations, a position which his lenient weight for four year old, 107lbs., and his acknowledged racing merits justly entitled him to; the present price is 1,000 to 100. His owner, Mr. Hodgman, declares that he has not backed him for a dollar, and that he is for sale. The three year olds, Robespierre, 90 lbs, and St. Mungo, 84 lbs, rank next in the betting, the former being backed at 10 to 6, and the latter at five points more. Among other outsiders supported at prices ranging from 25 to 1 to 30 to 1, are knight of the Garter, Birdseeker, Fair Wind, Romping Girl, King's Cross, and Gondolier. Both of Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, The Palmer, 5 yrs, 124lbs, and Vagabond, 3 yrs, 79 lbs., have been supported to some extent in the market, at 25 to 1 each, and doubtless they will find hosts of backers before the day of the race, for the Liverpool Cup winner is a wonderfully sound, honest horse, able to carry weight and stay the distance, and his owner once tried him highly enough to take 7 to 1 about him for the Derby, while the stable thought so highly of the feather weight, Vagabond, for the Maiden Plate at Ascot, that they trusted him with a good deal of money on that occasion. It is true he deceived them there, but with such admirable trying tackle as Sir Joseph has got, it is hardly possible that they were altogether mistaken in Vagabond, and he may make amends for that defeat by carrying the cherry jacket to victory over the Roodee.

The betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap has not altered much since our last issue. The high-weighted Sycee is the favorite, at 100 to 8; Monarch of the Glen next, at 15 to 1; Lady Coventry is unsteady, at 2 to 1; and Islam and George Osbaldeston at the same price. Van Amburgh and Mr. Pitt have been "knocked out," 50 to 1 being vainly offered against them. For the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase The Colonel has suddenly sprung from an outside position to the rank of first favorite. At first 25, and then 20 to 1 was taken, and at prices down to 100 to 9, was backed for all the money obtainable; this horse, who is by Knight of Kars out of Boadicea, is trained in private, and has not shewn to great advantage in public, except in Welter races. The second favorite is Fan, a mare whose only recommendation is that she ran second to Cortolvin, in 1867, for this race, when he gave her 24 lbs. and beat her easily; she has been steadily supported to win a large stake, at 15 to 1. Globule and Sultan are backed steadily at 20 to 1, while the Lincolnshire horse, Tadwell, was supported to win $50,000, at prices ranging from 30 to 1 to 22 to 1. Clansman is backed at such outside prices at 1,000 to 35, and Fairyland, Brahma, Bishopton, Captain Crosstree, Brick and others are occasionally nibbled at 40 to 1.

The Derby betting has suddenly become brisk, and the three favorites, Belladrum, Pero Gomez and Wild Oats, are in most demand. Belladrum seems to be under suspicion; although 13 to 2 is the highest offer against him, it is always forthcoming, and Pero Gomez is decidedly first favorite. The recognized commissioner for Sir Joseph Hawley recently took one bet of $30,000 to $5,000 about this latter and would have gone one at the same price, but 11 to 2 is now the highest offer His owner is very confident about him, his faith being founded on the fact that he has tried him with The Palmer, the same horse he tried Blue Gown with, and it is said he found Pero quite as good as the Derby winner. Wild Oats has also been heavily backed at 7 to 1, while there has been a rush upon his stable companion Tenedos at 1,000 to 30. Ethus has met with considerable support at 20 to 1, and 100 to 6 would have been taken at the close of business. Lord Zetland's colt Brennus is still backed in some quarters to win largely at 40 to 1, and Ryshworth shows signs of coming again, as 2,000 to 90 was largely taken. In the Two Thousand Guineas betting, Wild Oats has clearly deprived Belladrum of the premiership, as the former would be backed at 9 to 4, while 3 to 1 once begging about the latter. Indeed the starting of Belladrum for this race is regarded as doubtful, for it is thought Mr. Merry, his owner, will prefer reserving him for the more important event on Epsom Downs. Many parties assert that he is not doing steady work and cannot be got ready for the Two Thousand race, and they prophecy that the same fate which attended Liddington, The Student, Dundee and Lord of the Isles will attend Belladrum in the contest for the "Blue Riband of the Turf."

From France we learn that Imperieuse, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas and St. Leger in 1857 (in both of which races she defeated that wonderful filly Blink Bonny) has died, after dropping a foal to Dollar. She was by Orlando, and she has not long survived her sire. She was owned by John Scott, of Malton, who sold her and the equally celebrated Oaks winner Songstress to Mons. Lupin for a large price.

After the renown of Beadsman it is rare he had been established by such splendid public performers as Miss Gown, The Palmer, Rosicrucian, Pero Gomez, Green Sleeve and Morna, his owner, Sir Joseph Hawley, increased his fame to one hundred guineas. His subscription list filled immediately, and he promises to have a brilliant season, for among the highbred mares that have been sent to visit him are the renowned Achievement (sister to Lord Lyon and winner of the St. Leger) Regalia, the Oaks winner; Palm (the dam of Vauban); Virginia (sister to Regalia); Troublesome; and Griselda (the dam of Anglo Saxon).

The death of Mr. John Jackson, until recently the largest bookmaker and heaviest betting man on the English turf, has lately been the most prominent topic in racing circles. Although comparatively a young man, being only in his forty-first year, he had for over twenty years been regarded as the leviathan bettor on the turf. He was the son of a Yorkshire farmer, and from boyhood evinced a peculiar aptitude for racing speculation. Brought up in the immediate vicinity of the great training stables at Middleham, his first connection with the turf was in the Flying Dutchman's year, and it was with the money he won by backing this horse in all his successful two and three year engagements (including the Derby and St. Leger) that he commenced that career which made his name familiar with all associated with racing as the most independent and enterprising speculator that ever trod the turf. He was always a strong supporter of the Middleham stables, and especially of Lord Glasgow's, Lord Zetland's and Admiral Harcourt's horses. Over Ellington, (belonging the latter) the Derby victor of 1856, he won $200,000, and Kettledrum netted him nearly as much. When Lord Glasgow's General Peel won the Two Thousand Guineas, he won a very large stake, and having backed that horse and one day, while I was on a trapping expedition, abducted by one of her former lovers, the devilish Indian chief, Ohalho, taken to his wigwam and—eaten alive."

Uncle Tom wiped a tear out of his eye and said:—

"Never mind those painful remembrances, but to the fox story I promised you Let me assure you, a Yankee, as cunning and smart as he may be stands no comparison with a fox. After a person has grown up with them long years, one comes to know them thoroughly. If they would wave their flag, or twitch their ear a certain way, or lift one of their trotters, I knew precisely the meaning of the movement. But as thoroughly as I knew them, just as thoroughly they had studied me, and it was very seldom that I could get a shot at them. For whole weeks, even months, I would not see one of them; still, unmistakable traces would betray to me the fact that they had graced the neighborhood of my wigwam with their presence. But whenever they knew that I had run out of powder and lead, they would make their appearance openly and not show the least fear, and whenever my two dogs—for whom they entertained the greatest respect—were absent, they would play around me, and whenever I was foolish enough to stretch quickly my hand out, with an idea of catching them, they would nimbly jump aside and salute me with one of their mocking barks. So, one afternoon, being entirely out of lead and powder, I returned, after a few hours' promenade across the prairies, to my wigwam, started a fire, roasted a steak, ate it, and laid myself across my luxurious couch of bears' and otter skins, more with the idea of resting than sleeping. My dogs were out hunting, and, having nothing to pass my time with, I looked into the burning fire and thought of days gone by—when, lo! a fox stood before me. Think of my surprise when I became aware of the presence of this gentleman. I have to remark here that I had cut a hole into my door, for my dogs to pass through, and through this opening Mr. Foxy had made his unceremonious entrance. With the nonchalance of a butcher dog he walked up to the fire and sat on his hind legs, as if to warm himself. Oh, how I wished for my dogs! but in the hope that they would return soon and capture the bold intruder, I moved neither hand nor foot, so as to make the fox feel as secure as possible. But this self-imposed immobility became soon a very hard task, when I saw how the impudent patron took my pipe, lit it on the fire, and—"I'll eat my fur cap if it ain't so"—commenced to smoke it, as unconcernedly as one of the *genus homo!* Oh, boys, I assure you, these prairie foxes are up to any game!

"Reynard Reynard," I thought, 'had I only one shot in my gun you would soon smell another quality of smoke, not half as good as your present one.' I continued to smoke as quiet as possible, and so did Mr. Fox, and when he found his pipe empty he beat the ashes out, ran to my tobacco box, which stood in a corner of the room, and commenced leisurely to refill the pipe. This moment I had been waiting for; with one leap I was out of bed and between him and the door. 'Aha, you little vagabond, now I have got you,' I exclaimed, laughing; 'my dogs will return before long, and they will soon cut short your little tricks.' While I was indulging in this little piece of pleasantry Mr. Reynard had set himself very good naturedly down, and, looking at me with one of his blinking eyes, he said, 'Yes, that will be very true, my dear friend, but I am afraid your dogs will not return before I have finished my pipe, and then I will be off, and you will have to look for another pipe.' This was too much. My blood began to boil and I hurled a whole lot of execrations upon the head of the mischievous rascal; but my position I kept—not a step I moved from the door. I had put my mind upon it to catch him, and I knew also that his skin was worth more than my vest and cap, and again I put my fingers to my lips, when—just think of it—the double minded scalawag sat down on his hind legs and put his two fore trotters into his mouth, imitating me in truth, boys, I'll not get up from this chair if there is the least exaggeration about it. Although my blood was up to fever heat, still when I saw the comical grimaces of that fox, I had to break out laughing and was not able to whistle. This was what the cunning thief had been aiming at; but I saw through his stratagem, and called my dogs louder than before.

"'Thunder,' thought Reynard, 'this is getting too warm for me; I believe it would not be to the benefit of my health if the dogs would arrive now. Cap and vest don't seem to bother him but I'll get him away from the door anyhow.'

"With these words, or at least thinking so, he caught hold of a fire brand with his sharp teeth, pulled it out of the fire and dragged it towards my bed.

"'Hallo!' but you will stop at that, you infamous scoundrel; you will put my bed on fire,' I hollered, and ran after him. This was the last resort the essence of a cunning fox had been counting on, and when I was close to him he dropped the wood, and, with one jump, he had reached the outside of my lodge. But now, to climax everything previous, he puts his head through the opening, looks maliciously at me, shows his white teeth, and, with a brass impudence never before equaled, sticks out his tongue! I hate to exaggerate, much less, to tell an untruth; it may be, but I was distant at the time, but it appeared to me at that moment as if he was saying, 'Ha, ha, ha,' very sneeringly."

AMUSEMENTS.

BOOTH'S THEATRE,
23d street, between 5th and 6th avenues.
will give his first performance of
MR. EDWIN BOOTH
MATINEE
ROMEO AND JULIET
ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH,
Commencing at One o'clock.
In the evening, the Popular Tragedian,
MR. EDWIN ADAMS,
will appear for the first time in New York, in Mr. James Schonberg's adaptation of Brachoven's romantic tragedy, in five acts, of
NARCISSE
THE VAGRANT.
Doors open at 7½, to commence at a quarter to 8.
Seats secured in advance at the Box Office of the Theatre, or at its BRANCH TICKET OFFICE at the Music Store of C. H. DITSON & CO., No. 711 Broadway. 46-1i

FAIRCLOUGH.
This celebrated Tragedian, having returned from Europe, is open for engagements. MR. FAIRCLOUGH'S recent engagements at the Lyceum Theatre were two of the greatest successes ever witnessed on the London boards. The following are a few of the encomiums passed upon him during his performances at the Lyceum Theatre, by the LONDON PRESS.
The Times, Dec. 5th, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough's performance was intellectual and effective. We do not know where to find so good as Iago among the English actors."
The Times, Sept. 11th, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough is endowed with striking features and physical grace. He is earnest, natural and unconventional."
The Dispatch, Sept. 20th, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough was perfectly successful. The fine impression he produced is a decisive proof of how very nearly the old poetic school of acting might be restored to all its former eminence, if actors only would arise to illustrate and sustain it."
The Observer, Sept. 13th, 1868.—"In the most difficult scenes Mr. Fairclough obtained a very decided success, and was called before the curtain at the close of each act to receive from every part of a crowded house a hearty recognition of his talents."
Daily Telegraph, Aug. 31st, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough's Hamlet was deserving of the favor with which it was received by a crowded and critical audience."
The Observer, Aug. 30th.—"Mr. Fairclough's Hamlet is in all respects the best that has recently been offered to the London public."
The London Review, Sept. 19th, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough was not Mr. Fairclough in Richard III's clothes; he was the veritable Duke and King of Shakespeare's play. Mr. Fairclough has acquitted himself so as to demand attention from all who care anything about the name and character of our dramatic stage."
The following letter from E. T. Smith, Esq., the well known London manager of the Lyceum Theatre, and for many years of Drury Lane, Astley's and Her Majesty's, published with his permission, speaks for itself:

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The Counting Room of the COURIER and the Business Office of the Company is at the store, 197 Main street. The entrance to the Editorial, Composition and Newspaper Press Rooms will be by the staircase between Nos. 198 and 200 Washington street.

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